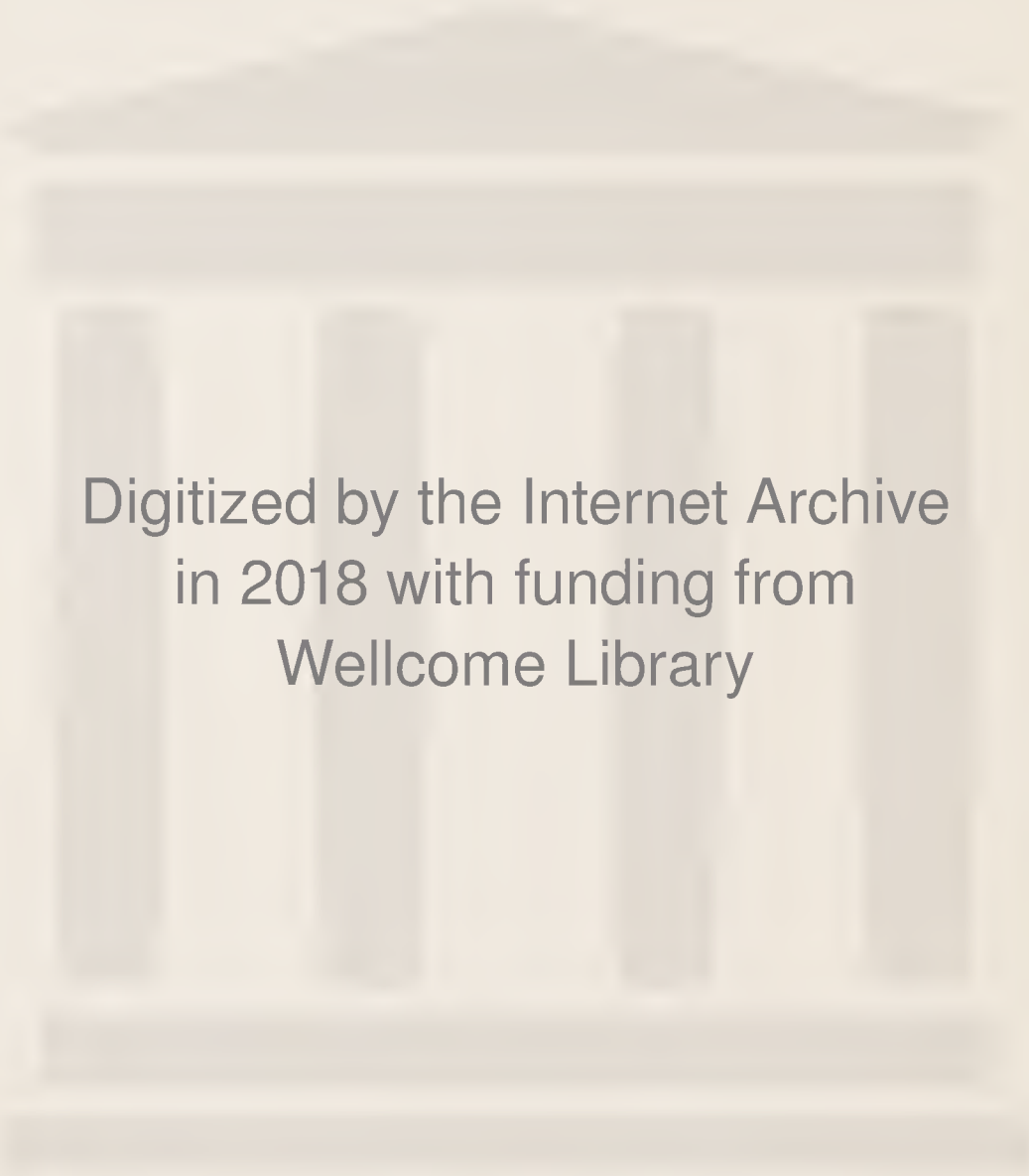


12354 / R

which vol?



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Wellcome Library

https://archive.org/details/b29345340_0020

ANALYSIS

OF A

NEW WORK OF TRAVELS,

LATELY PUBLISHED IN LONDON,

Travels through Italy, in the Years 1804 and 1805; by
AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE, *Author of Travels in Siberia*
and in France, &c. &c.—Four Volumes 12mo. PHILLIPS,
1806.

WE feel much pleasure in being again enabled to lay before our readers the substance of another work, by an author who may with great propriety be designated the Prince of Modern Travellers. There is a degree of versatile liveliness so intimately blended with the narratives of this admirable writer, which other observers of men and manners in vain attempt to imitate; and even the most fastidious taste cannot but be pleased with the brilliancy of his ideas, as well as with the modesty with which he offers his opinions.

The nature of his travels through Italy is sufficiently explained by a single passage in what he calls a substitute for a preface.—“ I have not written,” says he, “ with a view of delivering a dry catalogue of curiosities, nor to display my learning, nor to sport my wit at other’s expence, nor to draw sentimental pictures. Whoever looks for any thing of this kind from me, will be disappointed. I am of opinion that a traveller must follow the current of his humour. If that is lively, the readers will be gratified with seeing his soul reflected in the description. But when an author seats himself formally, and dresses all his thoughts and expressions in affectation, or in any other manner attempts to appear what he is not, it cannot be agreeable to the reader ;

KOTZEBUE.]

A

who must feel as uneasy and awkward in reading his book, as if talking with a stammering person."

We agree with this elegant author, who says, that though Italy has been so often described, yet there still remain many things little known, but deserving of notice; and what he professes is, to give a faithful account of things as they appeared to him, without writing to please either the artist or the connoisseur. We will proceed to shew how he has performed his undertaking.

"I took no notes," says he, "of what I saw immediately, and therefore had seldom a tablet in my hand; but I rose every morning long before day-light, and spent two or three hours in transcribing faithfully all I had seen, thought, and felt, in the preceding day. My observations have thus, by degrees, grown to the size of a book. If it is good, it requires no apology: if not, apologies will be of no avail.

"For many years previous to my travels in Italy, I had read nothing on this country; and after having concluded them I wished also to read nothing upon it, that my judgment might not be warped. I flatter myself, therefore, with being able to offer the traveller a book which may serve him as a guide for ten years at least; in which if he finds indeed no deep researches, he will not be misled by parrot-opinions. Whoever, without the bias or prepossessions of artists, shall hereafter visit Rome or Naples, will find a confirmation of this sentiment in his own mind.

"My stay in Italy was certainly short, yet I do not see in what respect this affects the validity of my judgments. The talent of observation is an endowment of nature; whoever does not carry it with him, will never acquire it. Most things are either viewed justly the first time, or never. The truly striking and remarkable is discovered on the first survey; and I may almost say, only on the first. When the eye is once accustomed to objects, the acuteness of investigating them is lost. I have also seen the most famous works of art twice, and even oftener; and yet in every case found my first emotions, and my first judgment, were the most powerful and accurate. For that reason I constantly wished to retain this impression, and commit it to paper within a few hours after."

After perusing some preliminary remarks on travelling, we meet with a subject which must be gratifying to every generous Briton—a just tribute of praise to the noble emperor of Russia.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

Alexander also—(I do not mean the wonderful traveller of old,

who traversed the whole known world in an immense company, and afterwards wanted to build a bridge upwards to the moon; I mean the benignant genius of Russia, to whom, if the inhabitants of the moon knew him, they would willingly make a bridge downwards)—Alexander also travelled, this year, through his German provinces: not indeed, like me, to pluck flowers; but, as he well might, to gather fruits which were beginning to ripen in the sunshine of his goodness. I will not call it mere attachment, but the warmth of passion, which is felt in Eastland and Livonia towards this benevolent sovereign. I relate nothing but what I myself saw. Every eye sparkles, every countenance is unclouded, every tongue is loosed, on the bare mention of his name. He was only a few days in Revel, and yet tears of regret were shed on his departure; and if any thing could still more strongly testify the feeling that glowed in every breast, it was the proposition of the good procurator-general Von Kiesemann, and the unbounded applause with which he was received and carried, “that the anniversary of Alexander’s entrance into that town should be celebrated by a public dinner for the poor.” These are the genuine honours which the heart alone can confer upon princes. Let Alexander’s quiet, beneficent journey through these provinces, he compared with the triumphant procession of *many a disturber of the world*, whose *insolence* and *haughtiness* are excelled by nothing but the *flattery* of a *slavish* and *abject* people. Let the *favourite of Fortune* continue to erect his triumphal arches and pyramids: the poor and distressed who find relief from the bounty of Alexander, will bless with cheerful hearts *him who rules by love*, for ages after those monuments will have crumbled into dust.

If Alexander would procure himself the highest gratification, he should, as the Oriental princes did formerly, mix in disguise with his people: what moments would then await him! Blessed be the mother who bore him: blessed also be the great man, once his instructor, now his friend, who sowed such seeds in such a soil! It will be guessed that I am speaking of La Harpe.

In order to hasten some hours earlier into the arms of his parent, Alexander left his retinue, and threw himself into the light and half-covered carriage of his field-marshal. I saw him arrive thus at Jewe like a common traveller, and unaccompanied by any extraordinary attendance except the love of his people. In the same manner, after a short stay, and notwithstanding the near approach of night, he resumed his journey through desert woods, with the soothing consciousness that public affection would sufficiently protect his useful life. One of the postillions, who by an accident broke his leg, he provided for with humane and even paternal tenderness. He did not depart from the spot till the sur-

geon, who lived at a distance, arrived, and the sufferer was placed properly under his care. That he gave him the requisite pecuniary relief, was little from an emperor; but that, not confining himself to this, he continued as long as was necessary his *personal* assistance (which the great universally think themselves privileged to dispense with), is an admirable feature in the character of a ruler over thirty millions of men.

ABOLITION OF VASSALAGE IN EASTLAND AND LIVONIA.

For a long time the press has resounded the praises, and enlarged on the excellencies, of the new constitutions given by the nobility of Eastland and Livonia to their peasants. In this point, as far as regards the amiable disposition of the emperor on the subject, I perfectly agree; but on the performance of his intentions, I believe, in the first instance at least, too much has been said. I will not presume to offer a decisive opinion on this matter; the constitutions are already in the hands of every one, for him to form his own judgment of them. Thus much, however, I cannot conceal: when I left Livonia, the imperial commissioners who were empowered to make known the new regulations, had already begun the execution of this duty; but many peasants, particularly those who had good masters, shewed very little gratitude on the occasion, and *begged to be left in their old state*. This circumstance indeed can scarcely be held to decide the real merit of the plan in question; for an aversion to relinquish old institutions will often make us blind to our real interest. The peasants also had anticipated too much in expecting that the emperor would set them entirely free; nay, they think in fact that this is already the case; but the commissioners, in the number of whom are their masters, have hitherto preserved tranquillity among them. Hence, however, arise misunderstandings, that prove how carefully we ought to proceed in enlightening a blind and infatuated people.

ESTABLISHMENT OF JUDICIAL COURTS FOR THE PEASANTS.

The peasants, who, under their former intolerable oppression, were allowed to lodge their complaints with the government, are in future to have for this purpose three judicial courts; the members of all of which, however, are to be taken from among the nobility alone: from the highest of these courts there is no appeal. However upright and noble-minded this class may be, it is surely not right for a whole division of the empire to be thus cut off, as it were, from the monarch. Every access to the throne is debarred them, and they must consequently be entirely at the mercy of their masters. If ever an unjust *esprit de corps* should influence the possessors of this power (from the present generation in-

deed this is not to be feared), what would then become of the poor Eastlanders?

It is true, every lord has erected on his manor a court for the peasants, under the direction of a judge chosen by themselves from their own number: but he himself chooses the president of this court, which leaves his influence over his vassals unimpaired, for they will hence never venture to pronounce any sentence displeasing to him. It is exactly as if a prince should fill the benches of his tribunals with courtiers, and place one of his lords in waiting at their head. However, as I before observed, this constitution is not yet confirmed, and it would be premature now to say more upon it. Were it possible to ensure in the posterity of the present nobility a continuation of the sentiments which now prevail, it would have been fruitless to deliver an opinion on the subject; for, with pleasure I mention it, these are such as can lead us to apprehend very few abuses.

SINGULAR STORM.

The Veipus lake, which is less beautiful and less celebrated than that of Geneva, afforded me one day a dreadfully sublime spectacle. As I was passing along the sandy shore, a violent rustling arose in the air, the signal of a storm in the upper regions, that was only audible below: the lake continued undisturbed; but this very stillness, in contrast with the violence raging at a distance over my head, was more awful than if its waves had risen to the height of mountains. On the right hand, over the dark fir wood hung black clouds, whence every now and then issued the thunder. On the left, over the lake a darkness descended from the sky, and like a shroud covered the opposite bank for the distance of a mile. The mews screamed over the tranquil water: and a few small fishing-smacks with slack sails were seen driven on by the oars of the anxious fishermen towards the shore. The dreadful contest now commenced in the elements. On one side the hollow roarings of the thunder resounded in the deep thicket, while on the other it was heard rolling over the darkened coast. Not a single hut was to be perceived far and wide; only a fishing net here and there, spread out. The lightning was more and more rapidly overtaken by the thunder. Not a drop of rain fell; and all was stillness on the level surface, but the rustling sound did not abate over head. On a sudden, a flash struck down into the water; its lengthened beams, as it touched the surface, darted forth innumerable sparks, and resembled a descending rocket. This seemed to be the signal for a torrent of hail, which in a few moments spread over the surface of the ground an icy cover, many inches thick. The stones were of the size of beans. My carriage was obliged to stop; the postillion

leaped from the horses; the servants hastened down from the box; and all crept for shelter between the wheels. But the hail beat the horses so violently that they would not stand still; which compelled the servants to come from this retreat, and hold the restless animals, exposed to all the rigour of the storm. The little light of which the clouds had not already deprived us, was perfectly obscured by the hail; and from my seat in the coach I could scarcely distinguish the horses. This darkness was interrupted only by the frequent flashes of lightning; the pale glimmer of which would present to our view the icy appearance of the ground, and add a horror to the intervening claps of thunder. As there were no other objects to attract the lightning, I expected every moment to see either the men or the horses fall, or myself to suffer the death of Romulus. Seven or eight minutes (lengthened, by the terrors of the mind, into hours) were dragged out in this agonizing condition. At length the storm retreated further into the wood; ourselves and our horses began again to resume our spirits; and soon nothing remained from this terrible spectacle, but the singular enjoyment which the mind of man experiences on surveying the traces of past danger. We now discovered pools of water in the road; cart-ruts full of hail-stones; the wet wing bereft of its power to fly; a few steps from me, on a decayed tree, an eagle (for there are many in this part), which admitted reluctantly the approach of a human being, probably from the storm having thus impeded its flight; at a distance a scattered flock, around which the wolf was stealing, as the thief profits by the fire to plunder the terrified inhabitants. The sun broke forth, and light and order returned.

At the next stage nothing was known of this dreadful storm. My carriage alone bore marks of it to this distance; for the hail which had collected on its top, was not melted away in the space of an hour and a half.

The university at Dorpat next attracts the attention of our traveller, and he enters at some length into the advantages of the education received there, but which it appears are dearly paid for.

The flourishing town of Riga is well worthy of notice. There, according to our author, not only are mercantile enterprises and the fine arts encouraged to the utmost extent, but actions of generosity are performed which effectually ridicule the modern spirit of vain liberality. We shall give a few incidents which the author has recorded as facts.

A respectable and universally esteemed civil officer had the misfortune to be robbed of the public money to the amount, if I mistake not, of eight thousand rubles. It was early in the morning when he discovered the theft; and at noon the whole sum was sent to him, which had been collected together among

a number of persons who stood in no closer connection with him than that of acquaintance and esteem. I am satisfied that no commentary could give any force to the simple narration of such a fact.

A physician who had been indefatigable in his attendance on the hospitals and public institutions for the poor, died of a disorder which he caught in the performance of his duty. His funeral, which was solemnized by an excellent oration from the minister, was the most affecting scene imaginable. All the numerous poor whom he had assisted, being assembled in the church, received his bier with sobs and heartfelt lamentations; their tears flowed into his grave, and their blessings afforded to his name the tribute of the sweetest incense. He left a young widow pregnant, and a scanty provision for her. A considerable merchant (I regret that I am obliged to conceal his name) begged to stand godfather to the future child. Before its birth he made the orphan a present of four thousand dollars (800*l.*), upon a condition which did his understanding as much honour as his heart: the capital and interest were to accumulate till the child should reach the age at which the father died (I believe about forty), so that a reliance on this support should not produce neglect of the ordinary means for providing a subsistence; but at that age the gift was to take effect; or if the heir should die before that time, the whole to go among the other brothers and sisters. The latter was unfortunately the case. The generosity and beneficence of this good man did not rest satisfied here. He heard that the widow had thoughts of laying down her equipage; and knowing that she had been accustomed to this convenience, he immediately settled upon her an annuity of five hundred dollars, on condition of her retaining her carriage as usual.

After enumerating various inconveniencies and dangers to which travellers by post are subjected, he says, from all these inconveniencies and dangers nothing is to be feared with a *veturino*. It goes indeed slower, and often very slow, while the extra-posts shoot by us rapidly; but the mules keep an even pace, and moreover the step of these animals is extremely sure,—an important circumstance in a journey where the road carries us every instant up and down hill, by the edge of precipices undefended with walls, and over rocks that throw the carriage from side to side. Horses move the quicker for being beaten; but the mule keeps his pace the more steadily. I have been astonished at the steep rocks which we have so often driven down without locking the wheel. Not a single instance has ever been known of a mule's missing his footing. Their driver very frequently falls asleep, and still they go with equal security. The *veturinoes* carry a

shrill-sounding bell, which is heard at a considerable distance without attracting the robbers, who indeed seem to be under a sort of silent compact of forbearance with them. The *veturing* also provides every accommodation for the traveller. He takes him to the best and safest houses for lodging; he even settles his bills for him, and protects him against imposition. If any accident happens to the carriage, he has it expeditiously and effectually repaired: in short, he acts in every respect for the traveller.

Then follow, some remarks on the journey from Riga to Berlin, through West Prussia. M. Kotzebue points out the few curiosities worthy of notice at Memel; but of Berlin he avowedly says little or nothing. On reaching Altenburg, he gives the following account of the

COSTUME OF THE PEASANTS.

The Altenburg peasants, in their costume, retain the wide breeches and little round hats of many centuries ago. May the simplicity of their manners have maintained an equal stability with their fashions! The dress of the men is very striking; but with respect to the women, it is impossible to refrain from laughter when we see them for the first time. They wear at least half-a-dozen petticoats, and these are not so long as the gauze apron of a Parisian dancer; even the naked knee is generally visible. With all this their feet are so large, that one would suppose they had been modelled from those of the Colossus of Rhodes.

On reaching Nuremberg, he justly deprecates the horrid dungeons for the

CONFINEMENT OF PRISONERS.

The mighty Prussian eagle almost touches Nuremberg with his wings: for we perceive him very close to the gate of this free Hans town, which I think would do well to build him a nest in the middle of its market-place; as then the detestable holes beneath the walls of the senate-house would certainly disappear in an instant, over which, with their iron grates, we stumble. Yet whoever goes carefully, and consequently does not stumble, will nevertheless, like me, be roused by the pestilential vapour that issues from them, to notice these horrible dungeons. "Good heavens!" cried I, "whence comes this stench?" I was answered, "Under us are the prisons, which extend as far as the Sebaldus church." "Sacred Howard!" I exclaimed, "what a shuddering would have seized thee here!" "Oh!" said my guide, "the prisoners are in no bad condition: they have good eating and drinking."—"But *no air*!"—"That they are accustomed to."—"Then I wish the whole Nuremberg senate

were confined here; and had their delicate partridges, and truffles boiled in champagne, every day given them through an opening, to be instantly closed again."

At the town house of Nuremberg, he saw an interesting curiosity. Its ceiling, he observes, represents, in finely preserved stucco work, a German tournament of the fourteenth century. The figures, of which many hundreds are to be seen, are all as large as life; and the whole gives a very clear idea of this favourite representation among our forefathers. The musicians go first. Then follow the knights who were to exhibit, on whose shield and helmet are distinctly painted their respective arms. Each is attended by a footman, who holds a staff in his hand, and has likewise the arms of his knight delineated on his breast. Further on, the combatants are tilting against each other, and break their lances: some of the horsemen lose their stirrups; and others are falling, wounded, to the ground. Great multitudes of spectators, among whom are many fine ladies, appear above in the balconies, enjoying with eagerness the entertainment. This representation gave me so much pleasure, that I suffered from it, in my neck, the whole evening; and was almost induced to envy the proud who carry their heads so high that they can conveniently sake a view of it without any exertion.

At Augsburg he indulges in the following strain of pleasantry at the expence of the

GERMAN HAIR-DRESSERS.

For many years past the hair-dressers have complained of their art not being honoured according to its dignity. Queues are cut off without any ceremony; or a small rat's tail, at the most, is alone suffered to remain. All the rest must be bristles; even the animating powder is dispensed with; and instead of being indebted to the comb, as formerly, for the captivating lock, we are seen, like cats or flies, with our hands up to our heads whenever we are afraid the bristles are not sufficiently elevated. The flowing wig, at once that boast of the art, and noble ornament of our ancestors, is banished: and we must look back with a melancholy regret to the times when a courtier borrowed the gravity of a judge from this appendage.

These allegations of the honourable fraternity of peruke-makers are certainly well founded. It is now with our hair as with our philosophy; each has experienced a discouraging change: once the *former* had much *pudding*, and the latter much *bombast*; but by degrees every thing has been so cut away from both, as to leave them shapeless masses, without a name. The complainants may, however, console themselves with having some

KOTZEBUE.]

B

place of refuge, where at least they will not starve amidst the universal desolation that has spread over their trade; but I do not recollect that philosophers have the advantage of any corner of the earth where their systems will be adopted without opposition. Augsburg is the resort for genuine peruke-makers of the old school; where every honest member, who is shocked by the conversion of hair into bristles, will find a retreat from the horrors that have assailed him in this innovating age. Here he will find reverend sirs with their monstrous wigs, which display a thousand locks dropping in so many curls; and, more than this, the *friseur*, who in his native place served only mortals, may here aspire to the glory of exercising his art upon deities. The Holy Ghost is the only person of the Trinity who appears at Augsburg unadorned with a curled wig. It is a real luxury to enter any one of the churches here, it matters not which, and behold the Virgin Mary dressed in brocades, with a wig flowing down her shoulders; and in her arms the child Jesus, no less decorated with a well-powdered peruke. Even in the representation of God the Father, the locks fall from his head upon the globe which he holds. In short, no peruke-maker will ever enter a church at Augsburg without shedding tears of joy.

SPIRITUAL WEDDING.

The night overtook me, says our author, as I reached Ichwabmunschen, between Augsburg and Inspruk; where my ears were immediately saluted with the sounds of mirth, proceeding from the post-house. The door was decorated with flowers; and over it hung a golden chalice, such as is used in the administration of the sacrament, and from within resounded the voices of several persons singing a ballad.

"Here is probably a wedding," said I on alighting. "Yes," replied the spruce servant-maid; adding at the same time, that we must travel further, for to-day there was no lodging for us in the house. "Is it the daughter of the landlord, who has been married?" I asked.—"No, sir; but at the wedding a minister has been saying his first mass."—"But I heard a merry ballad."—"Above stairs is an entertainment; if you will walk up, you will be welcome." I did not want a second invitation. I found a great table, in the form of a horse-shoe, surrounded by decent citizens, with their wives and daughters. The bridegroom had the post of honour, at the upper end: a corner of the table was occupied by the musicians, who scraped upon a couple of violins with all their might. Six or seven elderly clergymen were also present, and others came in while I staid. Below I had thought the dinner was going on in full career, for in the kitchen the cook-

ing over a blazing fire denoted great preparations for a feast: but I found at present only cakes and wine before the guests; the preparations below were for a supper. The attention of the whole company was so fixed upon the music, or so perfectly drowned in the juice of the grape, that we stood unperceived auditors and spectators. Besides the ballad which I mentioned, the singers roared out many others of the same kind, but by no means less merry, and forming a striking contrast with the reverend character of a part of the company. The male guests, dressed partly in black and partly in colours, laughed immoderately. The ladies were a little more reserved: they only simpered. To my regret, the odious sound of the post-horn called me too soon to my carriage: I proceeded on my journey, however, not a little pleased with having been present at a *spiritual* wedding.

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE TYROL AND SWITZERLAND.

As few travellers seem to have properly estimated the beauties of the charming Tyrolean mountains, we are the more inclined to give in detail the observations of Kotzebue on that delightful country.

Why, says he, do our travelling world visit only Switzerland; or so few of them make Tyrol an object of their journey? Why do our travel-writers say so much exclusively upon Switzerland; and why do we so seldom read any thing on Tyrol? I also have seen Switzerland; and although only superficially, I must boldly declare that the beauties of Tyrol appear to me in no degree inferior.

The only objects which I missed were cataracts, which in Tyrol indeed are but sparingly distributed; yet even without these, I venture to affirm that the varied romantic and captivating scenes of Tyrol will leave a more pleasing impression on the mind than the continually mountainous Switzerland. In the peculiar sense in which, after extracting from a sentimental author the best passages, we entitle the compilation his “Beauties,” I may with equal propriety call the road between Fuesen and Rieti a “Beauty of Nature;” for she appears to have here collected together her finest and most exalted objects from the whole world, and concentrated them all within a narrow space. Let every traveller, however, arrange his journey so as to pass this road by day-light, or he will capriciously deprive himself of the sweetest sensations. On descending the hill from Lermos to Nassereit, let him alight, and walk slowly. The rugged rocks, which threaten to crush him; the purling springs; the lakes of a heavenly green tint; the larch wood; the shrubberies of barberry trees; the old ruined castle, on an isolated eminence in the

middle of the dark lake ; the glorious Lech, at one time foaming and rushing into a narrow bed of rock, then tranquilly and majestically rolling through the blooming plain :—No ! I have many times declared that I would never enter into description of scenery ; but whoever has a taste for the truly sublime may believe me, that on this journey tears will more than once involuntarily start into his eyes.

In Switzerland we must submit to be drawn along by what they please to call horses, but which in their pace rather resemble snails. Our time and our money suffer equally in that land of slowness. We must content ourselves with carriers, for there are no posts. In Tyrol, on the contrary, we trot on briskly through the country, with lively post-horses ; and talk or sleep, stop or go further, as we please. Tyrol too claims one great preference over Switzerland, in having all its beauties by the road-side ; we have no occasion, as in that country, to deviate to the right and left, and to climb on our hands and knees, in order to catch a charm of Nature ; for she here offers herself at once to our view, and meets us with the utmost friendliness and majesty combined. Nor can any where but in Tyrol be found such a fascinating contrast between the wildest objects of nature and the most charming images of human industry. Behold yonder the rough rocks, appearing to bound heaven and earth ! A convulsion of the elements has surely tossed these masses so capriciously together. While the roaring stream rushes from within them, they bend down upon it as if they would block up its road, and it throws its foam at them with scorn.—But near this scene stands a small quiet hut, embosomed in vines. The bleating cows graze around it ; and a cheerful infant bends carelessly over the raging flood, and draws up a pitcherful of water. One is tempted anxiously to call to him not to fall ; he would not understand it ; for he sees, and consequently fears no danger.

This is the universal picture : as the feather floats on the waves, so do the sons of industry and health here skim the surface of the fertile earth, and seem to sport with the horrors that surround them. Large fields sown with Turkish corn spread a golden carpet over the valley, and reward most abundantly the labour of the husbandman ; and as soon as this is cleared off, the heads of colewort planted between sprout forth. I repeat it, a more strikingly variegated scene than what Tyrol presents, is not to be found.

CHARACTER OF THE TYROLESE.

But what are the richest gifts of nature, if these do not leave the nation upon which they are bestowed, good and cheerful? This too is the case here. A people more honest and more faithful to God and to their sovereign do not exist. They are not a little proud of their last general summons to arms; and with justice; for it prevented the French from penetrating the mountains, by putting the weight of genuine patriotism into the scale against revolutionary liberty and fraternity, and by thus giving an irresistible turn to the balance. The Tyrolese are fond of recalling dangerous and honourable epochs, and endeavour by every means to eternize the remembrance of them in their houses. Indeed they are attached to all kinds of memorials that concern themselves, particularly of perilous exploits. Thus we find, for example, on the road that leads in its whole course over steep mountains, figures erected, representing that here one was surprised by robbers, there another was in danger of being drowned, and a third was dragged down the rocks by the affrighted horses. By the timely assistance of a saint, to whom the unfortunate persons sent up a momentary supplication, they were saved; and in the fulness of their gratitude have marked the place where these wonders were performed. I like this custom very much; though at first the horrible figures sometimes inspire terror into the mind of travellers. But what have the upright Tyrolese to do with the timid traveller? Are they not in their own country? And who shall refuse or envy them the privilege of recalling to their memory, by substantial images, the dangers which they have surmounted? for in fact this is one of the sweetest of human feelings.

After noticing the abundance and cheapness of provisions, our author thus continues: What greater recommendations can we have for a journey of pleasure?—Here are a grand country, enchanting scenery, roads in capital repair, good horses, ready obliging post-keepers, civil postillions, convenient lodging, delicious food, excellent wine, prompt attendance, and a moderate bill. I have no hesitation in advising sickly ladies especially to restore their health and spirits in the mountains of Tyrol. At the distance of five hours ride from Inspruk, there are also glaciers of monstrous extent; which have been visited by many strangers, particularly Englishmen. They have been depicted to me as singularly remarkable. The highest mountain lies towards Graubund, and is called the Oertler: it is said to be 13,000 feet high. Many of the Tyrolese will make it a rival of

Mount Blanc; which however, as is known, is above 14,000 feet.

IMPERIAL MUNIFICENCE!!!

A peasant named Peter Honig has, merely by the aid of his genius, executed an excellent detailed map of Tyrol; and also a pair of fine globes, which are seen in a castle not far from Inspruk. Maria Theresa recompensed him *munificently*: she gave him *a florin daily*, out of which sum he was obliged to pay for assistance! A great honour also was conferred on him after his death; by having his body dug out of the ground, and removed into the church; which, however, was merely a common village edifice.

POPENSITIES OF THE TYROLESE FOR HUNTING, AND PUNISHMENT OF POACHERS.

The Tyrolese are universally passionate lovers of the chase. Before I had proceeded so far as Inspruk, I was told hat the liberty of hunting is not expressly allowed them as a right; but that, from their assistance having been much wanted in times of danger, the practice is connived at, in order to reward them for their good behaviour: and that in fact the chase is now no longer rented, the natural consequence of which is, that the quantity of game is daily decreasing. The conduct of the government in this instance appeared to me very commendable and prudent; in not forgetting these faithful services, but rewarding them in the manner the most agreeable to the people, and least expensive to themselves. But in Inspruk I heard a different account. I was here told that it was not till the daring enemy had found in the passes of the Tyrol mountains the limits of their victories, and the courageous fidelity of the sharp-shooters (who were never soldiers) had served as a bulwark for the trembling capital, that this privilege was temporally suffered; but that now again every unlicensed hunter is deemed a poacher, and when seized is invariably made a soldier. However, the practice is grown into a passion with them, more violent than that of the gamester. Neither threats nor punishments are capable of deterring them from it. One who had been many times caught in the fact declared aloud, "And if I knew that the next tree would be my gallows, I must notwithstanding hunt." Gain cannot be the principal inducement here, for them to risk their liberty; for a goat, when shot, weighs only fifty or sixty pounds at the utmost, and sells together with the skin (which is of use only in autumn) but for ten or twelve florins. It is for this that the hunter exposes himself to a thousand dangers, and beside, to ignominy and

a severe punishment. For this he spends the coldest winter nights on the cliffs, buries himself in the snow, and sacrifices his hours of sleep. Provided with a scanty store of victuals, he ranges for many days the desert mountains around; and in spite of hunger and thirst, and every other hardship, pursues this way of life as his highest enjoyment. But when he has gained his poor plunder, he is still exposed to great danger and trouble in the sale of it; unless he happens to be near the monastery at Wiltau, where he may find friends in the clergy there, who love to be provided, all the year round, with game at a cheap rate. The inns at Inspruk are also good customers to such of them as will carry them their prey in the middle of the night.

One of these sportsmen alone seldom or never shoots a goat; they are obliged to go in company, and surround the animals. A herd of goats has always a sentinel planted at a distance. On the point of a rock, presenting no more space than can be covered by the hand closed, the goat stands; and when at a distance he perceives the human form, he makes a loud whistling sound, and in an instant the whole herd vanish. Besides these goats, there are also deer, and (still more numerous) bears, wolves, foxes, and badgers.

The poachers wear masks, or by some other means render their faces undistinguishable. If they perceive a gamekeeper at a distance, they beckon to him with their hands to depart in haste; calling to him at the same time, "Go, or we will make you." If he does not obey, they level their firelocks at him; and if he still refuses to return, they fire: this, however, is in extreme cases only, and when they see no other means of saving themselves. If a gamekeeper recognizes one of them in these excursions, and informs against him, he must himself afterwards guard against their revenge. Of this there have been some melancholy instances. A poacher who, in consequence of these practices, had been obliged for many years to serve in a distant regiment, was at length discharged, and returned to his country. He immediately began climbing the mountains again in search of game, met his informer, and shot him dead. I am not prepared to decide whether the government would do better in yielding to this unconquerable propensity; and whether a people who, in case of urgency, must defend their frontiers, should be allowed to train themselves up for war with men, by a constant pursuit of wild beasts. Would the Tyrolese have defended themselves more bravely against the French, if, instead of such share of military discipline as they may have at the time possessed, they were nothing but native poachers?

Between Zelt and Inspruk stands a grotto on a steep rock, at so great a distance that the eye can scarcely discern a crucifix which is erected there. To this spot the emperor Maximilian is said to have strayed after the chase, and to have been led down by an angel. A real event appears to be the foundation of this tradition; and I can never blame any one for believing that nothing but the hand of Providence could have conducted a person down these rugged rocks.

EXPERTNESS OF THE TYROLESE MARKSMEN.

When I was at Inspruk, the baptismal day of the emperor was celebrated there. The citizens amused themselves by firing at a mark; and I had occasion to admire the celebrated dexterity of the sharp-shooters. Too much is not said of them; of ten or twelve shots eight at least entered the bull's-eye. Not a single one missed the target. The man whose business was, after every shot, to mark the place where the ball had struck, was also so certain of no one's shooting wide of the mark, that he often continued standing near it during the firings. He must indeed have been as well satisfied of the sobriety as of the dexterity of his countrymen.

SINGULAR APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN OF INSPRUK.

Before I leave Inspruk, I cannot help expressing the wish of seeing the town at a time when the inhabitants are drying their linen after washing. In most houses there are for this purpose, on the roofs, a sort of balconies; which at any time present a singular spectacle; but when all the linen is hung out, and happens to be moved by the wind just at the instant of the traveller first catching the view of Inspruk at a distance, he must surely imagine it to be a sailing town.

TYROLEAN FEMALES.

In this part of Tyrol is to be seen a charming national physiognomy in the fair sex; oval faces, fine dark eyes, and a white skin: they are all as much alike as sisters. It is a pity only that their clumsy dress disfigures their personal attractions. At every inn we now find the charges regulated, which is a laudable custom. The classification of the meals, however, made me smile. The first grand division is, into meat days and fasting days. Then there are gentlemen's meals, drivers' meals, and wedding dinners: in the latter a singular arrangement is made, that the ladies shall pay eight cruizers (four pence) less than the men; this is, however, very reasonable, and the principle should be the same every where, for certainly they eat and drink less. In these parts the custom begins which prevails through all Italy, of not ironing, but merely washing the linen.

The French penetrated as far as Mittewald: here they met, in the bravery of the Tyrolese, an insurmountable obstacle to their progress.—The post-master of this town presented us with a melancholy example of misfortune. He was once wealthy, and blessed in his wife and family. The *magnanimous* French robbed him of every thing, and levelled two of his houses with the ground. His wife lost her reason at these disasters, and wandered about the fields till he was obliged to put her into confinement. The enemy were scarcely repulsed, when a contagious disorder broke out among the horses, and carried off thirty-six of his. When I was there, his wife was indeed so far recovered, that she could take some share in the domestic business, but she was still melancholy. I think that the mind capable of bearing so much misery must be either very strong or very weak.

The road between Brixon and Botzen is extremely romantic. On the right are seen rugged rocks; on the left steep precipices; and below, the rapid stream of the Eisach, which I might almost call a cataract of many miles long. Yet the rude soil is very often diversified by little fruitful spots, and millions of gourds sprout up from the crevices of the rocks.—Vines are here particularly well cultivated. The Tyrol wine is very good and cheap.

RIDICULOUS PIETY.

Crucifixes are to be seen, by hundreds, on the road side. The pious have adorned them with decorations of all sorts. In some places the Saviour has nosegays of flowers between his feet; in others, the Turkish corn descends from his arms. Here and there even a vine is planted by the side of the crucifix; which is so completely encircled by it, from top to bottom, that we should suppose the figure a representation of Bacchus. In how many degrading situations does superstition place the object of its adoration! The crucifix sometimes stands on the brink of a fountain; and in the side which was opened by the spear, a tin pipe is fixed, which continually spouts out water.

With similar remarks on every thing worthy of notice, and often on subjects which perhaps all other travellers would deem insignificant, our interesting author leads us with him to Vienna and Florence. His observations on the Apennines are however more trite than we expected to find them; and what he does say on those great wonders of nature, is only to shew his decided opinion, that the prospects in the Tyrol are far superior in beauty and sublimity.

On arriving at Bologna he visited the Academy of Sciences, from whose records he abstracted a correct account of the

AERIAL VOYAGE OF ZAMBECCARI.

This account we shall lay before our readers; as it is in many respects entitled to attention, while it will be deemed the more interesting, because none but trivial and flimsy statements have yet appeared of that extraordinary adventure.

After passing many well-deserved compliments on the daring aeronaut, whom he calls "the man of steel," M. Kotzebue thus describes his excursion:

On the 21st of August, at midnight, on the discharge of three cannons, the balloon was brought out of the church Delle Acque (where it had been prepared) to the nearest meadow. It was thirty Bolognese feet (something more than five-and-thirty Parisian feet) in diameter. A circular lamp with spirits of wine was inserted; which had twenty-four holes round it, all provided with covers to open or shut quickly, as was necessary to increase or deaden the flame. The weight of the whole machine, together with the two travellers and their equipage, amounted to 810 Bolognese pounds, to which must be reckoned as much ballast as was requisite. At three in the morning the process of filling was begun. From sixteen tuns, which stood in a circle round two great vats filled with water, the gas was secreted, and ascended pure into the balloon. The management of the chemical apparatus went forward smoothly. It was previously determined to fill two-thirds of the balloon. In the space of an hour it began to move; and the prescribed measure of filling would have been soon effected, if frequent interruptions had not occurred.

At six in the morning, three reports of cannon called all the spectators out of the city. They flocked in immense crowds to the spot. Those provided with tickets of admittance filled the inclosure, and the populace climbed the hills around. The spectacle was grand and impressive. Every eye was fixed on the aerial adventurers, who were preparing for their perilous flight with the most tranquil precaution.

The chemical operations being now completed, the car was laden and the ballast taken in. At half after ten Zambeccari and Andreoli entered the car. At first they tried the effect of the rudders. They threw out five-and-twenty pounds weight, and then mounted as high as fifty feet (being yet held by a rope). At this height they moved the rudder, and the machine followed with much regularity the motion of the rudder in a descending direction, thus overpowering the weight of twenty-five pounds.

A second experiment was now made. The twenty-five pounds thrown out were again taken in, and five pounds additional; consequently the whole weight now exceeded the ascending force by five pounds. Not more than two small lighted flames were

requisite, to swell the balloon visibly; and the air thus rarefied raised it slowly the length of the cord. But as soon as the effect of the two flames was destroyed by the covers, the balloon relaxed again, and sunk down gently.

The third trial consisted in lighting six small flames, the effect of which was so much the more rapid. The balloon however did not sink the instant the flames were extinguished; but kept its height for about two minutes longer, which time appeared necessary to bring its temperature into equilibrium with the circumambient air. It descended with a gentle and uniform motion as before.

After these experiments, the adventurers disposed themselves for their departure. They first examined the weight of the whole machine, and satisfied themselves that a preponderance of a few pounds would give it an inclination downwards. Eight more flames were now lighted, the cord was slackened, and the ascent instantly commenced, at ten minutes before eleven. The barometer stood at 27 Parisian inches 7 lines: Reaumur's thermometer, at 17. 33. It blew a gentle western breeze. The thunder of the mountain of St. Michael saluted the aerial voyagers six times. The ascension was so gradual and regular, that the shaking of the car by the agitation of the air on firing the cannon was very visible. A few scattered clouds passed along the sky; the day was calm; the wind very still, rather changeable at different heights, but the most so on the earth. As this last circumstance prevented the balloon from removing to any great distance in its direction, it remained almost always in the view of the spectators. From the tops of all the hills, and from the steeples, the eager eye pursued it to the very time of its falling. The ascending motion was very various, accordingly as the balloon cut through different degrees of the atmosphere. At first it went southward, then westward, at length northward, and in this direction it went off for Bologna. The aeronauts made constant manœuvres, which afforded them the following observations:

1. The above-mentioned art of changing the temperature of the balloon at pleasure, entirely fulfilled their expectations. By a single additional flame they in a moment hastened the ascension; or, on the contrary, retarded it by applying the covers. While they kept a settled number of flames burning, the balloon was also kept at a regular height; but the instant a single cover was applied, it began to sink again:

2. On extinguishing the flames, the new effect was not so rapid as on kindling them. A minute would pass in the former case before the rising of the balloon ceased, and it inclined to fall again by degrees:

3. They observed a peculiarity in the above respect once or

twice. When the balloon was at rest, it began sometimes to rise backward, without any change in the fire. This anomaly Zambeccari ascribed to the different temperature of the surrounding atmosphere; which was perhaps occasioned by the sun's beams, or their reflection in the clouds:

4. This trifle excepted, it was perfectly easy for them to guide the vertical motion; and to raise or let themselves down at pleasure, or to remain at any particular height. An experiment they made in our sight, by descending from a great elevation to five hundred feet only above the earth, and then soaring aloft again to their former distance:

5. During the whole journey, the height indicated by the state of the barometer perfectly accorded with the notices given by what Zambeccari calls his anemometrical scale of movements. The least height of the barometer was twenty Parisian inches; consequently the balloon did not rise above 6998 Bolognese feet. The least height of the thermometer was nine degrees:

6. The balloon once cut through a cloud, not very thick, which suddenly dissolved. Neither by the approach of clouds, nor by touching them, are any sensible marks of electricity to be found in them. The cloud therefore was probably dispersed by the pressure of the balloon acting upon it; at least, the travellers perceived no traces of moisture as they passed through it.

At one in the afternoon the balloon hovered over cape d'Argine; a stage on the road to Ferrara, six miles from Bologna. A breeze carried it north-west. The travellers in the beginning were not displeased with this: but, on the one hand, the wind was too weak to drive them to a great distance; and, on the other hand, the powers of two men were scarcely sufficient for governing the balloon, and at the same time making the necessary observations. To moderate or strengthen the fire of the lamp according to the necessity of circumstances; to observe the barometer and thermometer, as well as the compass; to examine the situation of the balloon at every movement, these were the anxious difficulties of the travellers, who by the slightest error might be brought into danger. Zambeccari resolved therefore on descending; and in this operation the balloon obeyed once more, to their greatest astonishment, the will of its conductors. Thousands of spectators were witnesses of it; and, at the request of the Academy of Sciences, the police had it committed to formal testimony.

As the balloon approached the earth, it hovered over a foggy land, which appeared to the adventurers to be a rice-field. In an instant they lighted up two flames; and, on rising again, perceiving a field at a distance of two hundred yards, that presented no obstacle, they let themselves sink. The anchor, with a cable of seventy feet, was now thrown out, and seized an elm-branch.

The inhabitants ran to it with shouts and acclamations, and received the strangers with cordiality.

But shipwreck awaited them in the very port. The balloon descended in a crooked drection; part of it yielding to the weight, and part to the force of the wind. No sooner had the anchor fastened, than the cable became entangled; and the car received a blow, which inclined the balloon so much sideways, that the inflammable spirits were spilt. The flame spread immediately about the car, which was unfortunately wet with what had thus run over. Enveloped in flame, and confused by the suddenness of the danger, the travellers had not the presence of mind to increase the ascending power instantly to the necessary degree for preventing a further inclination downwards. The balloon fell with its whole weight to the earth; and this new and violent shock caused a still greater overflow of the spirits that fed the flame already raging. To this was added the calamity of the fire reaching a bottle containing about thirty pounds of spirits, which suddenly kindled with a loud report. The considerable diminution of the weight occasioned the machine to rebound upwards with great vehemence, while the anchor still kept it from an ascent. The fall, the shock, and the rebound, were the work of a moment. The entangled cord threatened to break the rudder in pieces. Two men climbed up the ropes, and tried in this manner to hold the balloon. In the mean time the adventurers, surrounded by fire in the air, cried out to those below to pull the ropes. Their clothes and instruments, the net, and the ropes of the car, all were on fire. Zambeccari poured a bottle of water over his head, and by that means succeeded so far as to extinguish the fire immediately around him. His companion, in order to save himself, quickly climbed down by the cable; but, from his haste, and the violent shaking, he lost his hold, was tossed against some object, and fell very heavily to the ground. As the balloon had in this manner suddenly lost so much weight, it shook about and drove upwards with a violence that was no longer to be restrained. The two men who had climbed up to it, and had been terrified by Andreoli's fall, could no longer resist the violent agitation of the cords; and were flung backwards. At that instant the machine rose with a frightful rapidity. The tottering of the car caused by the shock still continued; it might be easily perceived, and appeared to all the spectators to forebode no good. As long as the eye could follow Zambeccari, he was seen occupied in freeing his clothes from the fire, and in extinguishing or throwing out as well as he could every thing burning which surrounded him. But the balloon was soon entirely out of sight; it mounted to an astonishing height, and was driven north-westward. This whole catastrophe was the work of three minutes.

In spite of the equilibrium being thus destroyed, which had been sought for with so much diligence, Zambeccari did not lose his courage; but what resources could even genius and industry offer him in so desperate a situation? He hovered about at such a monstrous height, that, in his own language, the clouds appeared to him like an abyss. How high he really went, he could not possibly ascertain, as his barometer was broken by the fall; but his hands, which were already in a bad condition, suffered the severest cold. However, he did not rise quite so high as might reasonably have been expected. He looked about him; and concluded from the laxity of the lower part of the machine, that it admitted of a greater expansion. A bladder filled with air which he had still in reserve, gave him moreover a tolerably accurate measure for the expansion of the balloon at that time, which had even at this dreadful height some folds. These marks satisfied him of the danger of any sudden fall by the sides of the balloon coming together.

While he was thus suspended between hope and fear, a gale caught the balloon, and carried it rapidly over the Adriatic sea. At two in the afternoon he was perceived in those quarters, but at so great a distance that it was not possible to distinguish objects. By degrees the balloon descended into the sea, at the distance of about twenty-five miles from the Italian coast. A part of the car sunk into the water, and Zambeccari himself stood with half his body immersed. Hoping to reach the shore, or to meet with some vessel, he cast his anxious looks around, but perceived only sky and water. Still his courage did not forsake him: he thought that he could not be far from the coast; and the wind, which blew favourably for that quarter, would, he expected, carry him thither. But after he had waited a long time, and no coast appeared in the horizon, he wished, by climbing up the rope so as to have his whole body out of the water, to secure himself at least against sleep or stupefaction; and for that purpose drew the cable after him, which hung on his left side in the sea. But how great was his astonishment, to find that the anchor had caught at the bottom, and consequently prevented the balloon from moving! He instantly saw the necessity of cutting the cable: but by what means was he to affect this? he had no instruments, nor even the use of his hands; for his right hand was frozen, and the left shattered. Necessity prompted his invention: he broke the lens of a telescope, seized the cord with his teeth, and sawed it through; which, from its being wet and made of silk, was the more practicable. At length he succeeded in getting his machine afloat: a fair wind drove it towards the Italian coast; and Zambeccari did the utmost in his power, by using his arm as a rudder to help it forward.

After proceeding nearly fifteen miles in this manner, he met seven fishing smacks that had run out from Magnavacca. The first four, as soon as they perceived the singular machine on the water, were struck with a panic, and instantly made away from it. Fortunately the three others were less fearful. They however approached very slowly and cautiously; but when they perceived the object distinctly, one of them spread his sails, and made all possible haste towards it.

It was indeed now become absolutely necessary that something should be done for his preservation: he had been standing already four hours in the water; the car continued to sink deeper, and the water literally reached to his neck. The fishermen did their utmost; but the act of saving him was attended not merely with trouble, but with danger. They in vain tried to retain the balloon; which, as soon as it was lightened, rose up with great vehemence, and took a direction first towards Comachio, and afterwards to the Levant.

The hospitable fishermen used every means in their power to refresh their guest. Notwithstanding the fatigues which he had undergone, his vigorous mind still maintained its energy. He spent a tolerable tranquil night on board the bark; and the next morning he reached Magnavacca, and proceeded thence to Comachio, where the delegate of the prefecture received him with the greatest kindness.

In the mean time how anxious a solicitude did his uncertain destiny excite in every breast at Bologna! Even this, however, was scarcely equalled by the tumult of exultation with which Zambeccari was received there on his return. It was the triumph of philosophy. The only diminution of this unbounded joy, was the unfortunately critical state of his health. It was feared that he would lose his right hand; but he has fortunately escaped with the loss of two fingers of it: and let us hope that the happy result of this dreadful event will be, the future completion of this experiment to govern the balloon at pleasure.

THE DEVIL'S CONFESSION.

A church with tapestry hangings is a rarity: whoever has a mind to see this, let him visit the Dominican church, which is very whimsically hung with yellow and red striped silk. The monks of the convent belonging to it have an excellent apothecary's shop; by which, from the careful preparation of the medicines, and their cheapness, much good is effected. It is, to be sure, ridiculous for monks to feed female vanity as they do here, by the manufacture of all sorts of washes, pomatums, perfumes, &c. Whoever travels to Rome, ought to provide himself with an excellent vinegar to be had here: in the pestiferous Campag-

na Romana he will find it necessary. The miracles of St. Dominic are painted on the cloisters of the monastery: among which the most remarkable is his having obliged the devil, who had robbed the church, to restore the plunder; and afterwards forced him into the confessional, where he confessed *all his sins* to the saint.

As the public and celebrated buildings in Florence, with their contents, have been already described by modern travellers, we are inclined to pass over the remarks upon them by Kotzebue, which are mostly superficial, in order to gain room for his more interesting accounts of the manners and customs of the present inhabitants of Italy.

At Florence he attended some miserable operas and pantomimes at the principal theatre, called *della Vergola*, an account of which he concludes with the following summary:

Though the Italian theatres are very cheap for persons who sit in the pit, they are extremely expensive to those who possess the boxes. In the first place, the rent of the box itself is very high; but when this is paid, they have not yet the right of entering, but merely of possessing the key, which is of no use without a ticket of admittance. Nay, in many places, (as in Rome) they must also pay for a servant to stand outside the box-door. At length, when they are admitted and take their seats, the chairs are so hard that it is impossible to sit on them; and, in order to be better accommodated, cushions must be hired of the box-keepers, who keep them for that purpose. Hence, after having called for ices and refreshments for the lady, it is common to have laid out five Dutch ducats (2l. 10s. 6d. sterling), only for the evening's entertainment; and on the first and second nights of the season, the expence is still greater.

On his arrival at Rome, the first object that received his admiration, was

THE COLISEUM.

I am not, says he, singular, in preferring the majestic ruins of the great amphitheatre called Coliseum, to the proud church of St. Peter; though I confess that I should do so even if I were to stand alone. Immediately on my arrival in Rome, I hastened to that fallen memorial of national greatness, and left much longer unseen the papal majesty that was still existing in all its splendour. I took the precaution of not walking, but of riding thither in a carriage; and of not looking about me till I alighted. I now turned my eyes around, and was perfectly dazzled by the immensity of the object. I must be pardoned any bold expression; whoever can speak coolly or sentimentally on such a subject, for him I do not write

A sweet and gently-moving astonishment is the first sensation that seizes the beholder ; and soon afterwards the grand spectacle swims before him as a cloud, for a tear involuntarily obscures his sight. He is waked out of this reverie by an object much less agreeable. The following inscription puts him in mind of the cruelty of the heathens to the primitive christians, by making them fight with beasts : “ Defiled by the impure worship of heathens : purified by the blood of martyrs.”

I shall not attempt to give any adequate idea of this sublime building. My pen is so unequal to the task, that I should disgrace it. I shall therefore give only a humble description of it. —It is above sixteen hundred feet in circumference : four rows of pillars rise one above another ; the lowest is now sunk deep into the earth. Yet I am not disposed to charge Ammian with any exaggeration when he says, “ The human eye scarcely measures its height.” He has indeed spoken a little poetically here ; but whom will not this subject inspire with a poetical warmth ?

I almost thank the Jews for letting themselves be taken prisoners, to be employed in the erection of this vast edifice. Thirty thousand of them are said to have worked at it ; and they have not discredited their forefathers the builders of Solomon’s temple, by their performance. A pond, or small lake, belonging to Nero’s *golden house*, occupied the spot ; till Vespasian, by the advice of some creative genius, whose name his ungrateful fellow-citizens have not retained, dedicated it to the admiration of posterity. The inside was capable of containing eighty thousand spectators ; and when Titus introduced the first combats of that sort, not less than five thousand wild beasts fought here : Dio Cassius says, nine thousand. At the conclusion of that spectacle, the whole place was put under water, and two fleets, (denominated a Corcyrian and a Corinthian) represented a naval engagement. To render the vapour from such a multitude of persons less noxious, sweet-scented water, and frequently wine mixed with saffron, was rained down from a grated work above, on the heads of the people. The fair sex met with but little politeness here ; for their place was fixed quite behind the benches, and all of them who would sit were obliged to carry their own chairs with them. To the vestal virgins alone a post of honour was assigned. The religion of the christians naturally prevented them from attending games which were dedicated to pagan deities. The buffoon Nero once combated here with a lion ; which, however, he very judiciously caused to be previously tamed.

The successor of the noble Titus acknowledged the high value of this memorial ; Antoninus Pius was careful of its preservation ; and Heliogabalus, who generally spent his time in eating cocks’ combs and pheasants’ tongues, repaired it after a great fire.

Even the rude Goths did it no damage ; but the christians, from an excess of zeal, were not contented to leave it to decay with time. Pope Paul II. had as much of it levelled as was necessary to furnish materials for building the palace of St. Mark ; the cardinal Riario followed this pernicious example for the construction of the present chancery, as it is called ; and Paul the Third finally erected the palace of Farnese on its ruins. Notwithstanding all these dilapidations, there still exists enough of it to inspire us with awe. The most immense masses appear fastened to and upon one another without any mortar or cement ; and these alone, from their structure, are calculated for a duration of many thousand years. Occasionally, where the destroyers have not effectually attained their object, the half-loosened masses appear to be held in the air by some invisible power ; for the wide interstices among them leave no other support than their joints, which seem every moment as if about to yield unavoidably to the superior force of gravitation. “ They will fall ; ” “ they must fall ; ” “ they are falling ; ” is and has been the language of all beholders during the vast periods within the memory of man through which this edifice has thus hung together in the air.

Inside, the mixture of heathenish and popish memorials is very striking. On the walls of Vespasian, pots of holy water are hanging ; and instead of the fine altar on which the sacrifices were made previous to the combats, a crucifix is seen with these words written on it : “ Whoever approaches this crucifix with a contrite heart, shall receive a hundred days dispensation from his sins.”

A man (I believe his name is Carluccio) has received permission for having the foundation of the Coliseum dug up. The work is actually begun. I have looked down, and found the under-ground structure as admirable as that which stands above. Interesting discoveries may be here expected. I saw an old and perfectly brown human bone lying in the pit, probably the sacred remains of some martyr. It might be expected that in Rome this old bone would be taken out with great solemnity, and preserved as a wonder-working relic in some church.

In his account of the antiquities of Rome, we meet with nothing but what is of inferior interest to the passages which we are about to extract. His remarks certainly refresh one's memory as to the origin of the celebrated buildings, and the characters under whose dominion they were constructed ; and hence his book will be a valuable acquisition to future travellers in Italy, particularly amateurs of the arts. But says he, there is another class of readers who may also, in travelling to Rome, be eager to see *all* the wonderful things : I mean the pious catholics. For them here is also ample gratification. It was here, in the *Via*

Sacra, that Simon the magician ventured to rival St. Peter by the power of his sorcery; and, as a just punishment, was precipitated down headlong by the devil.—Here too pope Sylvester curbed a dragon, and indeed in the easiest manner imaginable; for with his seal, on which of course the cross was stamped, he closed the jaws of the monster as expeditiously as we seal a letter. Hence arose the church of St. Mary the Deliverer, in which this miracle is still to be seen painted.—The faithful will be greatly pleased with observing the temple of Remus converted into the church of St. Cosmo and St. Damian. They need also have no scruples at passing through the heathenish door of brass between two Corinthian columns of porphyry, for pope Adrian the First has purified it by his blessing. In the inside there are all sorts of pious pictures to be admired.—A new triumph awaits the good believer at the temple of Antoninus, now sacred to St. Laurence: for his edification, he finds the saint here broiling on the gridiron, painted by Peter of Cortona; and also an altar-piece by Dominichio, which may have been very fine before it was retouched by an unskilful pencil.—A delicious treat is prepared for him when he steps into the church of St. Theodore, formerly the temple of Romulus. Instead of the wolf of metal, which was the object of veneration formerly as the nurse of the twin founders of the Roman state, he may contemplate a picture of the martyr Julian of Baciccio; may view St. Theodore in the flames, painted by Zuccari; and may bring his epileptic children to be miraculously cured. The temple of Saturn (or, as others think it is, the palace of Paulus Emilius) is converted into a church of St. Adrian; in which is to be seen a picture of St. Peter Nolasco, who performed the meritorious action (in 1334) of erecting the order of monks *del Riscato*. Meritorious it may indeed be termed, when we consider the object of this order; for they were bound to ransom christian slaves from the Turkish captivity. This picture is said to be the master-piece of Guercino.—The church of St. Luke was also erected on the ruins of heathenism, in the temple of Mars. It is one of the oldest in Rome; and was formerly dedicated to St. Martina, a name perfectly unknown to me: but pope Sixtus the Fifth presented it to the academy of painters, who rebuilt it according to the sketches of Peter of Cortona, and naturally dedicated it to St. Luke, who is universally known to have been a painter. A statue of St. Martina by Menghino, and the magnificent subterraneous arch of the church, are worth seeing.

From Rome M. Kotzebue proceeded to Gaeta, and thence to Naples. On reaching the former place, he experienced the most delightful sensations at

CICERO'S VILLA.

When I arrived, says he, at the haven of Gaeta, some hours of day-light yet remained, which I resolved to spend in a walk. The beautifully warm weather (on the twenty-seventh of October) enticed me out of doors, and the golden fruits of a lemon and orange grove drew me to a garden situated by the sea. I went, and found the door locked. A poor man received us in a friendly way: he was the occupier of this villa. We wandered, I may truly say, as if in Elysium, under the loaded trees; and took up a lemon here and there, which the wind had shaken off. When the man observed that the surrounding luxuriance of nature was a novelty to us, he plucked a fine double fruit from an orange-tree, and presented it to my wife with a good-natured gallantry. Thus we reached the extremity of the garden, which ran far into the sea; and where, on the rugged acclivity of a rock, a table and benches of stone invited to repose, observation, and enjoyment. A little hut stood close by; at the door of which a young woman, surrounded by children, was busy about a basket of olives. From the survey of these charming scenes nothing could have attracted our attention but the many ruins scattered round the garden, in which at first sight the old Roman architecture was manifest. Arched passages and walls, and deep vaults, were every where overgrown and covered with shrubs. But a bath in particular caught my eye, from its perfect state of preservation. The stone steps which led downwards were not destroyed, but only damaged a little by the weather; and even the pipes through which the water ran into the cistern were still partly open. We stood immersed in contemplation, scarcely hearing the narrative of our loquacious host, whose vulgar Neapolitan dialect rendered him very unintelligible, when suddenly the name of Cicero caught my ear. The blood thrilled in my veins. We now listened attentively, and what a sensation did we experience when we learnt that we had been walking in Cicero's garden, and eaten of its fruits! Every thing now seemed to assume a new aspect; every broken wall received a splendour in our eyes, and the grove became sacred to us. Here Cicero bathed; here he wandered; on that rocky point he sat, and perhaps wrote a chapter of his "Offices," which would alone be sufficient to immortalize his memory. Alas! here too it was that the murderers found him, and sacrificed him to the sanguinary ambition of the triumvirate.

This exquisite spot, with all the fruits and ruins, was let for forty-five ducats (23l.) Cicero's villa for forty-five ducats!—But I think I hear some cautious criticizing antiquarian exclaim, "Was it in reality Cicero's villa? That Cicero had a villa here, is indeed certain; for the haven of Gaeta (called Mola) is built

on the ruins of the town Formiæ, within the walls of which the *Formianum* of the philosopher was situated. But on which spot? Meyer places it in a lemon-grove before the town: and many inhabitants on being asked, will direct you to that; while many, on the other hand, know nothing of the matter."—Yet the unsuspicious declaration of our host, who spoke of it merely in a casual manner, proves at least that vulgar tradition agrees that the place where I stood is the venerable spot. Add to this its delightful situation, which seems perfectly suited for the residence of a Cicero; on the left hand the castle rising as it were out of the waves of the sea, strait before it the island of Ischia, and on the right hand Vesuvius. No! till the contrary can be clearly proved to me, I will never abandon the delightful persuasion of having passed over Cicero's villa.

ACCOUNT OF NAPLES.

At Naples every thing is different from what any inhabitant of a more northern climate conceives of a town,—I may describe Naples, says our author, as one large house, with a vast number of inhabitants; and the particular houses as mere chambers,—for, sleeping excepted, every thing passes in the streets that is in other countries done within doors. All artisans and mechanics not merely have open stalls, but they carry out their tables and whatever else they want for their trade, and work in the public streets; so that we see and hear knocking, hammering, sowing, weaving, filing, planing, frizzing, shaving, and a thousand other processes, the whole day. The eating-house-keeper plucks and roasts chickens, and boils and fries fish, in the street: while his hungry customers stop, and gratify their appetites. To quench their thirst they need only go a few steps further to one of the numerous water-sellers, who have their stalls also in the street. These last stalls are so singular as to deserve a particular description; but to make the subject very clear, I am afraid will not be in my power.

Before the table where the man stands to serve his customers, four painted and gilt stakes are fixed up at the corners, joined on the top by cross bars; and the extremity of these bars towards the street is decorated in various manners, some of which would elsewhere be thought rather licentious, but are here passed with indifference. They bear also the images of saints; and have a couple of small flags on both sides, with spaces filled up with bouquets of lemons nailed on. The first sight of this puts us in mind of the Chinese. The tapster has on each side of him a long cask in the form of a drum; through the middle of which an iron rod runs, so that it may be inclined upwards or downwards as he pleases. These casks contain fine clear

water and ice. The fore part of the table is covered with glasses and lemons. Round such booths there are always customers, more or fewer; but they are sometimes so numerous as to inclose it in a double or triple circle. The extraordinary ease with which the sellers dispatch this crowd, is truly admirable. They tip their casks to the right and to the left, fill the glass, squeeze a little lemon-juice into it, give it to the person, take the money, and lay some of it out again, &c. all in an instant. In observing them for a long time, they appear almost a sort of machine worked by springs. In hot weather the crowd is said to be indescribable, notwithstanding the immense number of these booths. They are lighted in the evening by eight, ten, or twelve lamps each. The price of this beverage is one of the smallest copper coins. It has a pretty appearance to see the chystal water pearling in the glass, and the ice cooling it. There is also much cleanliness observed, which is a thing very unusual in other matters: the seller rinses the glasses always beforehand. Besides these men with booths, here are many water sellers who cry about their commodity the whole day, and have in like manner a constant supply of clean glasses.

Eating and drinking are the first and most important concern of the populace. In Naples this is so carefully provided for, that we cannot go ten paces without meeting with some arrangements fitted to supply these two necessities in a moment. Here stand great kettles full of dressed maccaroni, with cheese scattered over it, and the surface decorated with small pieces of golden apple, as it is called. The ability of consuming a great portion of this article must be learnt from the Neapolitans; for as the maccaronies are an ell in length, they must be held by the thumb and fore-finger, with the neck bent back and the mouth stretched open, and thus let down into the throat. Strangers usually cut them in pieces with a knife and fork, and then eat them with spoons; but this is quite against the national custom. The maccaronies are here very simply prepared, with broth and cheese; and taste incomparably better than those which I have found in other places. They are here, however, as through all Italy, generally too little boiled: the rice, peeled grain, &c. are all hard, and scarcely eatable by a foreigner.—I once stopped as a taylor's wife was boiling her maccaroni in the street. She had turned a mortar upside down, and placed a pot on it that held a fire of burning sticks: over this flame stood her kettle. When the water began to boil, she seized a parcel of maccaronies, thrust them to the bottom of the pot, and kept them down till they were rendered flexible by the hot water: she then let the whole swim about. I looked at my watch. She left the victuals to boil up for five minutes, poured off the water, put to it broth, and cheese

upon it, and the dinner was then ready. In the mean time a neighbour had risen from his seat of work, and, without asking permission, lighted his pipe at the little fire; the whole apparatus was also threatened for a moment with total destruction by a hog and a loaded ass. It is truly entertaining to witness this medley of scenes in the street.

Epicures sometimes mix livers of chickens with their *macca-roni*, which render it delicious in the extreme. But I have confined myself at present to the populace, who have also other favourite dishes besides this grand national one. Among these must be reckoned beans and peas, which are in like manner boiled in great kettles that invite the passengers to turn aside; and also Turkish corn, the ears of which are boiled in water just as they grow, without any preparation. This last is indeed the most common diet, and in the least repute; but it must be very nutritive, and I have frequently seen beggars devouring it eagerly. Not only the grains of it are eaten, but the meat likewise that encircles them, which is softened by boiling.

A second very rich source of nutriment is found in the endless number and variety of sea-fish; which are sold and consumed in the streets either boiled, roasted, or raw. I cannot describe all the grotesque forms they present. Some shell-fish are in the form of a horse-chesnut, with prickles; and others look like knife-handles of agate. Both sorts were eaten raw, and I think it must require some courage for consuming the latter when eaten in the following manner: their shells are first squeezed from the back part, when they immediately put out their heads and half their bodies in a manner somewhat similar to snails, and twist themselves about like leeches, which they very much resemble in form but not in colour. When held to a plate, they attach themselves to it with their heads, which then become broader. Two small eyes are clearly to be distinguished on the head. Whoever is disposed to eat this fish, must bite directly into its head, as soon as that part comes out of the shell; and holding it fast in this manner, draw out the whole body. I confess that I have never been able to overcome my aversion for performing such an operation. Some, however, stew them in their shells like oysters; in which state I have attempted to taste them, but found their flesh of a very sickly sweet.—The oysters here are also in immense numbers; but they are very small, and their taste is by no means fine. The fishermen have a custom of opening them, and putting four or five into one shell to make a mouthful; but this practice is neither cleanly nor inviting.

It is usual for these men to sit with their stock (called *sea-fruit*) for sale on the beach; where fashionable companies assemble on the summer evenings to eat fish, sitting down to small tables

which they find ready spread. The fisherman has then his variety of *sea-fruit* set out for shew, from which every one may suit his fancy. But as the space used for this purpose is not very large, it is necessary to order a table before-hand to prevent a disappointment.

Vegetables and fruit of every kind are, it appears, abundant at Naples, nor do the populace want for what they conceive greater luxuries. Under my window, observes our traveller, for example, stands a man with a table before him, to one corner of which a pole is fastened, with a thick iron nail of about six feet long projecting from it. The man kneads on his table a dough of maize flour, and sweetens it plentifully with black honey. He then pulls out the dough, which at this time looks very black, into a long roll; seizes the ends with his two hands, and strikes it with all his force over the thick rail till it becomes first yellow, and by degrees perfectly white. He now cuts it into small pieces, throws it into a pan with boiling oil, and in a few minutes the delicious substance is fried. The rabble catch up every morsel with avidity; and a number of greedy customers commonly surround the stall, watching the whole process with eager expectation till it is finished. A stranger might indeed find some difficulty in making an instantaneous trial of this dish; but he need only go a few paces further to the booth of a gingerbread-maker, and he will at all times find excellent little cakes filled partly with fruit and partly with *ricotta*, which I can assure him from experience would not disgrace a princely table. *Ricotta* is a sort of curds, or soft cheese; which is sold in small baskets with vine-leaves put over them.

It is well known that cheese is an article of importance with the Italians in general; but all sorts of Neapolitan cheese are good for nothing. Some are very sharp-tasted; but most of them are quite insipid. The commonest are in the form of a small round pilgrim's flask; and are hung on pack-thread, in which manner the whole booth is usually garnished with them. On cutting into this sort, it looks exactly as if it lay enclosed in a bladder, for it has a tolerably thick skin over it resembling that membrane. The inside is very tough, and has no taste. The buffalo cheeses are very similar to these, and will stretch like leather.

MONKISH IMPOSITION.

A custom, which I have met with no where else, is the manner of selling milk. The cow is led by its owner from house to house; and whoever wants milk sends out a servant, who milks from the cow before the door as much as the family has occasion for.

Besides these cows, there are also a number of calves that wander about the city, but for a very different purpose. They belong to the monks of St. Francis; who not only, in idleness, get their own bellies filled by the people, but also commit the protection of this live stock to their good-nature. For that purpose nothing more is necessary, than to put a small square board on the forehead of the calf, with the figure of St Francis painted on it. Provided with this, the animals walk about untroubled, devour as much as they can, and sleep where they choose, without any one venturing to prevent them. On the contrary, if one of them should happen to enter a great house, and lie down there to sleep, the occupier thinks it a fortunate omen.—It is incredible to what a height the monks carry their impudence here; which is in fact exceeded by nothing but the stupidity of the people.

From some subsequent observations we collect, that at Naples meat is good and cheap, as is bread; but that the wine is bad, and of a sickly taste.

ITALIAN BEGGARS.

Speaking of the fine buildings in the streets of Toledo, our author says, were all the streets of Naples like this one, and the grand buildings doubled in number and magnificence, it would still deserve the name of a wretched city as long as it is crowded with beggars, whose number defies all calculation. I feel it indeed a fruitless task for my pen to attempt a description of the scenes I have witnessed; and I lay it down in despair. But no: what I can tell, is as much as need be known of human misery. As we step out of our house, twenty hats and open hands are stretched out towards us. We cannot take ten steps in the street without meeting a beggar, who crosses our path, and with groans and piteous exclamations solicits our mite. Women, often dressed in black silk and veiled, obtrude themselves impudently upon us. Cripples of all sorts suddenly hold their stump of an arm or a leg close to our eyes. Noseless faces, devoured by disease, grin at us. Children quite naked, nay, not unfrequently even men, are to be seen lying and moaning in the dirt. A dropsical man sits by a wall, and shews us his monstrous belly. Consumptive mothers lie by the road side, with naked children in their laps, who are compelled to be continually crying aloud. If we go to church, we must pass between a dozen such deplorable objects at the door; and, when we enter, as many more fall down on their knees before us. Even in our dwelling we are not free from the painful spectacle. If we open the balcony-door, the sighs re-echo in our ear from below. Monks intrude themselves into our chamber, and beg of us while they offer

us a plate of fruit; and the king's gardener will do the same under the pretext of giving us a singular fruit purloined from the royal hot-houses.

On taking a view of all these horrors, one cannot restrain a smile of bitter contempt at the proud Neapolitan proverb: "You must see Naples, and die." Some years ago an attempt was made to abolish the system of beggary; and for this purpose a command was issued for taking up all beggars, and carrying them to the great poor-house, which is large enough to hold many thousands. But the maintenance of so many people when brought together, was a small circumstance, which had been overlooked. Much, no doubt, had been calculated on the charitable and voluntary contributions of the Neapolitans; which in the beginning, indeed, were very liberal. But this scheme experienced the fate of all similar projects, founded only on the precarious support of individuals; for nothing wearies so soon as charity. The contributions fell off. The unfortunate wretches were shut up by five-hundreds in large halls, without victuals or occupation: diseases gained ground among them: one ran away after another, without obstruction: the beggars were no where apprehended; and every thing returned to its former state.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

The streets of Naples abound in vagabonds, who exert themselves in the most singular ways to speculate on the credulity of the populace. Among the latter description, says M. Kotzebue, I observed two men advanced in years, but still stout and robust in appearance. Their miserably patched but not ragged clothes, pronounced them to be in the first order of beggars. They erected a square for themselves, of a single and sometimes of a double row of benches, pretty wide from each other; they then seat themselves with a manuscript in their hands, and wait usually but a short time for a numerous assemblage. I have often found fifty or sixty round them: their audience consists of skippers, servants, mechanics, and lazaronies. These last commonly plant themselves in the middle of the square, on the bare ground. Those who cannot procure a place on the benches, form a circle standing. The manuscript, which is so irresistibly alluring, is always the history of a certain prince Rinaldo, who is a great favourite with the Neapolitans. This prince was of course a hero; who overcame robbers, monsters, giants, and Amazons, and was also occasionally gallant to the ladies. The most remarkable circumstance to a stranger is, that all these wonderful things are detailed by singing: the melody of this song is very monotonous and something

similar to a recitative. The singers or readers accompany their narrative with the most vehement gesticulations, which often affect the nearest by-standers in no very gentle manner; who, to the great entertainment of the other auditors, have to sustain pretty hard blows. When a combat for life and death is to be described (as is commonly the case in every page of this murderous history), the speaker brings the scene home to the senses of the audience by a pantomime in the best manner possible: he draws his sword with the left hand, holds his book as a shield to his breast, plunges and cuts at the enemy, is wounded, writhes and twists his face in a comical manner, or sings and laughs triumphantly. It is sometimes difficult to say which is the most worthy of observation; the grimace of the reader, or the air of astonishment in the hearers; who, with fixed looks and open mouths, hang on his lips. Most of them, at least, are extremely attentive and serious, though there are indeed some bolder and shrewder spirits who allow themselves the liberty of a jest, or otherwise attempt to sport their clumsy wit. The reader often stops in his song to explain what was said; and this he does with so much circumlocution and loquacity, as pretty clearly manifests the very low estimation in which he holds the understandings of his audience. This continues many hours, till he or they are tired. The former is most frequently the case, for the company is always changing by individuals leaving or joining it. During the readings, he casts a glance round, by which with the greatest celerity he sees whether there are among his hearers some who can and will give him any thing. When he perceives that there are, he directly (without interrupting his narrative) offers a hat to a lazarone sitting near him; who, knowing what this means, takes the hat, and goes round the circle with it. No one is compelled to throw any thing in, and therefore most of them give a nod as a sign to be passed over. The amount of such a collection never exceeded a few halfpence as far as I could observe, and from these the reader gives one to his collector. At last, when the poem is concluded (which is shewn by the man's shutting his book and rising), the whole assembly is dispersed on all sides with the quickness of lightning. As the reciter attends daily in the same place, this small sum will in general serve for his subsistence.

Another peculiarity in Naples consists in the street-preachers. A flag is seen flying in one of the streets, and behind it a crucifix is carried, which is followed by the venerable divine in his robes. He approaches the Mole, looks for a place that he thinks suitable, gives a signal, and the flag is planted at some paces from him. He himself mounts the first stone he meets

with, or a bench fetched from the nearest booth for his use. The people immediately assemble round him with their hats off. I have heard one of them speak actually very well; his arguments were perfectly adapted to the narrow conceptions of his audience, and he indulged himself in no jesting. Every one who was not disposed to listen, went past with his hat off. These ministers have a very great influence on the lower orders; and it is said that the government make use of them to produce any particular spirit among the populace. Sometime ago one of these men lived here, who if I mistake not was called father Rocco. He was much esteemed at court; and had a carriage kept for him, so that he could go expeditiously from one end of the city to the other when necessity required it. He was more feared than beloved by the people, for he was a furious zealot. He was once offended at seeing a puppet-shew with Punch and his wife more numerous than his pulpit; from which he jumped down in haste, and driving the shewman from the spot with his cross, took his place. This man has, however, done much good, and brought about many beneficial regulations by his influence and indefatigable efforts. Among other things the public are indebted to him for many lamps which burn before holy images in the streets; and as the city has no other lights, it is unquestionably a very great benefit.

Lecturing and preaching are here infectuous: the youth also ape the practice. A boy of about twelve or thirteen years of age goes about in priest's clothes, and preaches under the balconies for a farthing or two when desired. On such occasions he very emphatically exhorts all wild children; but his sermon generally concludes with battles between him and the low boys in the street.

I must not forget mentioning a man who daily pursues his trade on the Mole. He has a commanding figure, is dressed like an Hungarian hussar, and also wears some medals about him. His name sounds very grand, being Maura Guerra Gamba Curta. He professes himself a Prussian; and declares that his family has been provided with a balsam for five hundred years, which was invented by their ancestor at that period. When he stands on his stage displaying and extolling his medicines, he produces by the firm and positive tone with which he speaks, the same effect as I have heard observed in the auditors of the modern philosophers from a similar cause. "My good Neapolitans," he exclaims, "I know there are excellent physicians and surgeons here, and that I am but a worm compared with them; but by the grace of God," (here he takes off his hat, as do also the by-standers,) "by the grace of God, I possess a balsam

which heals the deepest wounds in a moment. Do you think that I wish to be taken at my word? By no means. Observe!" He now takes off his coat, shews his naked arm, draws his sabre, makes an incision in his flesh, and lets the blood gush out plentifully; he then pours in a few drops of his balsams, and invites the hearers to come the next day and view the wonderful effect of his balsam. "Here," he continues, "is a water against the scurvy; and if all your teeth were so loose as to be shaken by the wind like the hair of your head, you need only wash your mouth with this, and they will directly stand as fast as palisadoes in a fortification. This water is, as it were, the *cardinal* among my medicines; this salve, on the contrary, the *pope* himself." Here the hat is taken off again, and indeed somewhat lower than on the mention of God. "If you have an eruption, let it be ever so bad, rub yourselves with this salve to-day, and to-morrow or the day after, adieu to your complaint! Do you think that I would cheat you of your money? Far from it: I labour merely for the honour of God. This medicine costs me four carolines (6s. 6d. sterling), and I give it to you for one only. Yes, I give it to you *gratis*; there! take it; I desire nothing for it. Try it before hand, and then come and bear testimony whether Gamba Curta has spoken true or not." I was once actually witness to his refusing money of a well-drest man, who could not prevail on him to accept it without the most urgent entreaties. "Trust me not," he would often say at the close of his harangue: "inquire about me; go into the palace of his excellency General so-and-so, and ask what I have been in his regiment. Perhaps only a common hussar. But I have cured the whole regiment of all possible diseases. When death sat on the lips, and there was no one to help more, then honest Gamba Curta was called for; it was known that he let nobody die." Thus did the man pour a torrent of eloquence that was inexhaustible. Had he been born in some other parts of Europe, he would surely have formed a new epoch in the philosophy of the day; but here his merits are grown rather stale and out of date. A year ago he is said to have had a great crowd after him; and even now he is not without a considerable number of followers: but he often cuts his arm in vain, and roars himself hoarse for hours to no purpose; we seldom see a hand with a copper coin stretched out to buy his miraculous specifics. At present the trade of a surgeon who, to the no small grievance of signior Gamba Curta, has taken up his station very near him, appears more productive. This man has at the the same time a little puppet-shew of *Punchinello*, by which he attracts great crowds of spectators. When the circle appears large enough, he steps forth from behind the curtain, and harangues

with less sublimity than his rival, but in softer and more persuasive accents.

NEAPOLITAN FUNERALS.

A funeral train is passing. How!—do not living men bury the dead here? Is every corpse consigned to the grave by spirits? The question is pardonable, for every one surrounding the coffin is muffled up in white from head to foot, without excepting even the face; a few small holes only being cut out for their eyes. When twenty or thirty such spectres, moving along in a dark night with torches in their hands, and muttering to themselves, precede a splendid coffin of crimson velvet, which also goes onward without any visible force to carry or draw it, the scene will startle any one who is not grown familiar with it from custom. This, however, must soon be the case with those who live at Naples, where similar scenes are passing daily. There are many pious brotherhoods whose duty it is, among other things, to inter the dead. Why this masquerade is used for the purpose, I have not been able to learn: but imagine it may arise from pride; for I am assured that many young people of quality are among the followers, who would not wish to be seen by the populace in performing such a menial office. The cause of the coffin's motion not being perceived, is, that the richly-embroidered pall hangs down to the ground, and conceals the bearers completely under it. It is not improbable also, that when the bier reaches the place of interment, some of the persons under it may be drawn out almost in a state of suffocation; for the thick velvet pall, that is heavily worked with gold, can never admit sufficient air for a free respiration. It is worthy of remark, that this coffin so grandly adorned, is a mere shell for the purpose of parade, and serves for repeated funerals.—Of the brotherhoods which I have just mentioned, there are several descriptions that differ in their colours. Another train, for example, which I saw, were muffled in red; and thus had the appearance of bloody spectres. All, however, wear the image of a saint on their breast, like the badge of an order. On certain days they wander singly through the streets, and collect money to pray for the souls in purgatory; on which occasion they do not speak, but shake the money-bag at the ears of passengers.

I once saw also a genteel funeral, as it is called. The coffin and pall were of blue velvet, with embroidery no less rich than the former; and the coffin was followed by thirty or forty ragged fellows, carrying flags with the arms of the deceased. For this magnificent parade the very first lazaroni were taken that came in the way; who walked in procession, not by two and two, but eight and eight. The contrast of their squalid appearance

with the magnificence of the other parts of the ceremony, was truly comical. The eye looked in vain for relief in a variety of colours at least, but perceived only the same arms incessantly multiplied. Indeed, the love of pompous heraldry is an hereditary disorder among the ancient nobility.

THE HOST.

Another striking spectacle in the streets is, when the Host is carried by priests to dying persons. We should, if possible, see this in an open place; for in the narrow streets it produces much less effect, I suppose. I live in the Largo del Castello, a very large square, which is covered from morning till night with buyers, sellers, animals, carriages, popular exhibitions, and spectators. Close by me is a puppet-shew, at the entrance of which the owner stands and entertains the people with his droll remarks. Some steps further is a fish-market, and directly opposite to me the main-guard-house. I do not exaggerate when I say that upwards of two thousand persons (besides the cattle) are usually assembled in this place. Suddenly the procession I have just mentioned appears: colours flying before announce it to the eye; and the perpetual tingling of little bells, to the ear. It is surrounded by finely dressed priests, and often also by a military guard of honour; and clouds of frankincense ascend into the air before them. All the pious whose road leads this way, consider it a duty to follow the train; which, like a snow-ball, thus enlarges in its progress. The shewman is directly silent; even the fish-women are perfectly still, not a sound escapes: all hats fly off, and thousands fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and cross themselves. The guards shoulder their arms, and a solemn tune is played as long as the procession is in sight. In the night the spectacle is still grander. At every balcony (and let it be remembered, that there is no window without a balcony) a light suddenly appears, and the darkness is converted as it were by magic, into broad day; for every story is illuminated: and below in the street a number of rockets are lighted, which with a whizzing and loud report, salute the solemn procession. As I pursue it into the next street, the sight varies in its singularity. At one moment all is perfect darkness; and the next, as the procession enters, the whole street on both sides assumes a brilliant aspect: and thus the light appears to fly from house to house, and from balcony to balcony in the most rapid succession, till in the same order it by degrees vanishes again, and every thing returns to its former darkness. I have frequently put the question to myself, whence comes it that this spectacle should fill me (who am a heretic) with a sort of awe, since I esteem the greatest of all absurdities to believe,

that God can be carried in a box in the streets? I know not how to answer this, otherwise than by the observation, that most things affect our weak minds, which occupy and influence such a vast multitude of people at the same time. Who, for example, feels much pleasure in seeing a single soldier exercise only for a few minutes? But put twenty thousand soldiers in a row, and it amuses us for hours.

PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO MOUNT VESUVIUS, AT THE
ERUPTION OF 1804.

After a few more particulars relative to the Neapolitans, our author entertains us with an account of the present state of Mount Vesuvius, which he visited with his friends. His arrival was shortly after the eruption of 1804, and the lava was hardly cool. The description of the whole scene is extremely interesting, but by far too long for our purpose. Company who visit the mountain travel on asses. In approaching towards the summit they were obliged to pass over a fiery crust, scarcely hardened enough to bear them. The heat, says Kotzebue, penetrated through the soles of our shoes, and was even plainly felt on our cheeks. The lava had various crevices, which all smoked; and when we put a stick into them, the flame immediately burst out. It was too hot and dangerous to stay long here; yet as we were only about fifty steps from the crater, one of my companions wished to go further on, over the thinly covered sea of flames. But this was impossible; we were obliged to return the same way, and wind round the colder masses of lava. I was the first of our company; and followed my guide, who led me to the top by a footpath of ashes.

Here I stood on a narrow spot of mountain; separated by a smoking cavity, at the utmost ten paces in breadth, from a similar one, which served as the border of the crater. How shall I find words to delineate all that I saw and heard? Yet the simplest description is fitted to the sublimest objects. From the middle of the crater ascended the sulphureous yellow cone which the eruption of the present year has formed: on the other side of it, a thick smoke perpetually arose from the abyss opened during the preceding night. The side of the crater opposite to me, which rose considerably higher than that on which I stood, afforded a singular aspect; for it was covered with little pillars of smoke, that broke forth from it and appeared almost like extinguished lights. The air over the crater was actually embodied: it was very clearly to be seen in a trembling motion. It boiled and roared dreadfully below, like the most violent hurricane; but sometimes (and this made the strong-

est impression on me) a sudden deadly stillness ensued for some moments, after which the roaring recommenced with double vehemence, and the smoke burst forth in thicker and blacker clouds. It was as if the spirit of the mountain had suddenly tried to stop the gulf, but the flames indignantly refused to endure the confinement. As far as my eye reached, the volcano had spread its horribly gaudy carpet: the yellow sulphur, the black dross, the dazzling white salt, the grey pumice-stone, the moss-green copper, the metal spangles, all seemed collected together to form this infernal mosaic floor. The lesser opening smoked close before me in several places: and where the smoke broke out, small stones were loosened every now and then from the sloping wall, and rolled down; the only noise which, besides the roaring of the mountain, met the ear.

I did not contemplate this awful and sublime spectacle without emotions of terror, but I felt as if enchained to the spot. Two of my companions had ventured to press still nearer, over the rugged points of lava and burning crevices, and through clouds of sulphureous vapour. They did not, however, observe any thing more than I did, except a greater portion of the sulphureous cone. The most remarkable object they met with was, a *lady* (the duchess Della Torre) walking on this dangerous spot. Her husband, who was making scientific observations on the mountain for the purpose of publication, stood near me, very much occupied with his experiments; and appeared as perfectly at his ease as if he had been at home in his study.

Full of the sensations inspired by the sublimest spectacle of nature, and happy at having accomplished our object, we commenced our journey back. This is usually represented by travellers as very easy and commodious. For my part, I confess it was more difficult to me than the ascent. It is indeed more expeditious; for at every step voluntarily taken, we slip downwards two paces further: but the knees soon begin to totter; and on reaching again the crumbled lava, the progress is very painful. I was obliged to hold my guide by the collar, to prevent my falling, twenty times. We at length, however, reached our asses in perfect safety; richly laden with the plunder of the mountain, and accompanied by its hollow groans.

But before I mount my beast, let me say a few words on the general subject of this pilgrimage; which is described by some travellers as very painful, and by others as very easy. It is neither. Whoever, indeed, does not concern himself about human torture, may render it even convenient to himself: he need only do as the hereditary prince of this place lately did, who had two stout fellows to draw him along by his arms, while two others pushed him behind, so that he went up easily enough. Or

he may cause himself to be carried in a sedan chair by eight men (as the princess did); and may then read a novel on his way. But it is not every one's talent to be able to derive enjoyment from ease thus purchased by the excessive exertions of others. I confess that the ascending would be a mere trifle for any one accustomed to climbing, if the whole path did not consist of ashes: this alone makes it fatiguing. Yet if a lady ever ventures up (and many have already ventured) at a time when the mountain rages as now, I should pronounce her to be a female of tolerably stout nerves.

The last eruption of Vesuvius was very *gallant*. The ladies formed parties by hundreds for Torre dell Annunciata, directly opposite the mouth from which the lava flowed. There they walked composedly to the foot of the mountain, stood on the border of the fiery current, wantonly jumped over its narrow arms backward and forward, and actually placed themselves before the stream, and waited its coming: all this was unattended with danger; as it rolled on very slowly, or rather drove its great scaly waves deliberately over one another, till they lost their equilibrium by being piled up, and rushed down again like a cataract—which afforded full time for escaping in safety.

On the 22d of November, while our author was on the spot, a new eruption took place, which he witnessed from his window, and which he describes in *glowing* terms. The contrast must be truly singular to an inhabitant of any other part of the world; for even during the overflow of the lava, the people who live in the vicinity of the mountain are totally careless of the awful event, excepting at the very spot over which the fiery current flows.

The progress of the lava has generally been misconceived. Kotzebue gives some information on that subject which will be new to many of our readers. I drove, says he, through the town (Torre del Greco); trade and bustle were every where to be seen, though many were occupied with packing up. The horrid vestiges of the former streams of lava were visible in all parts, where ten years before it had spread its desolation. At the end of the town, near the villa of the archbishop of Naples, I was desired to alight and ascend among the high walls of the vineyards. Many, impelled by a similar curiosity, had already arrived at this spot, where I found the carriages standing. I never traversed a piece of ground with greater impatience, than I did this footpath between the vineyards. The walls were so high that I could not see Vesuvius lying before me; and yet the smoke driving over, convinced me that I was very near the burning lava. I was a full quarter of an hour mounting the gentle acclivity, at the top of which a treble chain of eager spectators encircled the

smoke. I hastened up to it; and stood seven or eight paces from the lava, which came rolling towards us.

To speak of taking one's station exactly before a stream of fire, and suffering it to flow up to us, sounds more terrible than it really is. The word *flow* is not proper in application to the lava; at least, except when it is in the crater. As soon as it comes in contact with the external air, it thickens directly, and gathers a scaly case around it. The mass itself indeed continues to glow: but instead of flowing, it is only pushed slowly onwards; the crust that covers it, and its own density, preventing any stream like that of a liquid. This impulse is principally effected by the gentle declivity of the ground; which is, however, so trifling, that the eye would not discern it, if the interior motion did not occasion the crust to break, and throw its scaly fragments upon the yet-untouched ground. The lava which thus rolled towards us through the fine vineyards, was from three to four feet high: the fire, glowing like a red hot-iron, was to be seen only under the crust. It threw its dross before it, much in the manner of a billow that casts its foam onwards, and itself follows close behind. Just as I stepped up, the fire had reached a fig-tree; which crackled, and flamed up like a torch. The vineyards for the space of a mile and half were already converted into ashes, and the flowery earth into a sea of dross: before the lava, however, one luxurious tract still lay; the nearest vines of which, singed and curled up, inclined towards their destroyer, just as we are told some little birds are charmed into the jaws of the rattlesnake. The proprietors themselves of the vineyards hewed down as fast as possible, with many sighs, the vines they had nurtured with so much care; and tore out the stakes, in order to save at least the wood. A pretty house to the right was only three or four paces distant from the lava, yet it was thought that a full hour would elapse before the terrible slow stream would consume it. The people were still anxiously occupied in saving wine-casks out of the cellar, while the approaching fire was already heating the walls of the building. Others, whose property was already desolated, only cast melancholy looks towards the spot that had but a short time before contained their hope and support, but which now had not even a shrub to distinguish it from the surrounding devastation. The stream of lava had divided itself, as usual, into several currents, between which, small elevated islands were now and then saved from the universal ruin. The breadth between the two currents that bordered the desolation, might be about two English miles. The sheet of lava before which I stood, moved somewhat slower on account of the decreased slope of the ground; but at the same time two currents to the right and the left, which had got considerably the start of the others, threatened to inclose me. This

circumstance, though not so dangerous in itself as terrifying to the imagination, determined me to make a retreat of a mile on a road which was now soon to vanish for many centuries from the surface of the earth.—The lava takes its course again in a straight line to Torre del Greco, but rather higher upwards than it went ten years ago. Should it reach the road, the villa of the bishop will be the first of its objects. But I have still my doubts whether it will push itself so far, for it appears that the rage of the volcano has subsided. It is true, fresh lava continues gushing from the abyss; yet not so abundantly as to drive forward the sheets already distant with sufficient force. These will, if no new eruption succeeds, soon gradually cool till they become firm.

The people informed our author that an hundred acres of cultivated land had been destroyed by the eruption of the 21st of November, and that the lava was only stopped by the appearance of the Queen, who fixed up a wax image of the Virgin, and thus prevented its progress! The Queen, however, told our author that the report was false; and added, that she would rather raise than degrade her people.

I must not omit, says Kotzebue, in this place a laughable anecdote, to which several of my friends were eye-witnesses.—When on the twenty-second of this month the lava threatened to overwhelm the vineyards, the image of St. Januarius was carried in procession in Torre del Greco (as is often the case on such occasions), and placed before the lava; on which the people began to kneel, and pray that the saint would be so good as to stop the progress of the flood, which however soon rolled nearer. The saint was placed a little further back; and the petitions were renewed for his favours, which would only cost him a nod or a wink. But finding all their prayers fruitless, and that the lava continued to proceed nearer, they began to abuse the unkind saint, calling him "*Vecchio ladro*" (an old rascal), "*birbone! birbante! scelerato!*" In short, they gave him every degrading appellation that indignation could dictate. This disburdening of their hearts in mere words was not sufficient: from abuse they proceeded to blows; and St. Januarius was heartily cudgelled, particularly by an old woman.

In fact, this former patron of Naples has suffered astonishingly in his credit for condescending to let his blood flow in the presence of the French; a crime which in the eyes of the Neapolitans is unpardonable. Upon that occasion they called him a Jacobin, and it is even said that he was prosecuted for the charge. In the latter case I should like very much to get a sight of the proceedings, if it were possible. Another saint, Anthony, has profited by the levity of his colleague, and has acquired in a dexterous manner the confidence of the people; so that his influence

is much greater now than that of the treacherous guardian. If the latter wishes to restore his lost credit, he must embrace the moment when the volcano rages the most furiously, and suddenly reduce it to silence by his presence, as he did on a preceding occasion. By such means he would probably do the physicians a much greater favour than those inhabiting and tilling the foot of the mountain; for, according to a late learned treatise on this subject, Naples is said to be indebted for its pure and healthy climate only to the occasional eruptions of the mountain. Should it ever remain silent for any unusual number of years, it has been observed, that not only many disorders would creep in, but these would take a most serious hold upon the inhabitants. This observation may be well-founded; for a monstrous quantity of electricity must be collecting in the air by the effusion of the flames from Vesuvius for weeks and months. Not a single day has passed since my arrival here, in which we have not had heat-lightning, often attended by thunder. The air we breathe is pregnant with electrical particles.

A considerable portion of the work is now devoted to a description of the residences of the late royal families of Naples, Caserta, Portici, and Favourite; as well as to lake Avernus, and Barna. Those who wish to see a description of the newly-acquired domains of *Prince Joseph* will find it in *Kotzebue's travels*. On the place last mentioned he makes the following remarks.

The difficulties of climbing up and down the sea-shore were amply compensated; partly by the romantic prospect, and partly by having nothing but the ruins of Baia to contemplate. We ascended, and saw them on the right hand as far as the sea, and in the sea itself. To the left, they stood by the side of us; and our clothes sometimes touched the walls of houses which had now only sufficient left just to announce their former existence. This then was the ancient city to which a companion of Ulysses gave his name; which, for the security of its haven, the purity of its air, and the number of its warm springs, allured so many strangers and even foreigners to its walls; where the richest Romans built the most splendid seats; of which Horace sung, that no place in the world excelled it in beauty; which Seneca describes as so charming and luxurious; which Clodius reproached Cicero for inhabiting, as an unfit residence for a philosopher; and which Propertius refused his Cynthia to visit, as dangerous to the innocence of young girls! Of all this voluptuous splendour nothing remains but rubbish and ruins: the creatures of the nineteenth century creep about them; and, while speaking of their own transitory state, act as if it were not so.

The abundance of warm springs in this country is even now

very evident, for in many places the water rises in the foot-path. Among all these ruins stands, on the back of a hill, a monument erected under the present government; which, to the shame of our modern architects, is in just as ruinous a state already, as Baia after three thousand years.

THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

Our author paid a visit to the excavated parts of this celebrated city; and the painful emotions which he then experienced, were so great, that he finds it impossible to express them. The digging has been continued for a number of years, and none but detached accounts of the discoveries have been published; M. Kotzebue's observations on this subject must therefore be acceptable.

It is known that Pompeii was the celebrated place that Seneca and Tacitus called "the famous Campanian town." In their time it was surrounded by the sea, and a forest of masts stood in the now vanished haven. Our traveller entered at the great gate at which was formerly the mart of luxuries, and proceeded up an elevated path for foot passengers, which runs by the side of the houses. This, he observes, is supposed to have been the main street of Pompeii: which, however, I very much doubt; for the houses on both sides, with the exception of some few, were evidently the habitations of common citizens, and were small and provided with booths. The street itself too is narrow; two carriages only could go abreast: it is also very uncertain whether it ran through the whole town; for from the spot where the moderns discontinued digging, to that where they recommenced (and where the same street is supposed to be found again), a wide tract is covered with vineyards, which may very well occupy the place of the most splendid streets and markets still concealed underneath. But without wishing to investigate what the envious bosom of the ashes still conceals, let us dwell for a time on what lies before us: and eternal be the memory of the vintner who, as he was about to plant trees fifty years ago, gave, by the first stroke of the spade into the earth, the signal for the resurrection of a town!

We will stay a moment before this booth in which liquors were sold. We feel disposed to call for the master of the house: he appears only to be absent for a time on business, perhaps to fill his casks again which stood in these niches; for the marble table bears the very marks of the cups left by the drinkers who are just departed. Is no one coming? Well then, we will go into the next house.—The tenant here has had a salutation of black stone inlaid in his threshold: we are therefore welcome, and may without hesitation satisfy our curiosity. On entering the habi-

tations, we are struck at the first glance with the strangeness of their construction. The middle of the house forms a square something like the cross-passages of a cloister, often surrounded by pillars; cleanly, and paved with party-coloured pretty mosaic. In the middle is a cooling well; and on both sides are little chambers, about ten or twelve feet square, but high, and painted a fine red or yellow. The floor is of mosaic; and the door is made generally to serve as a window, there being but one apartment which receives light through a thick blue glass. Many of these rooms are supposed to have been bed-chambers, because there is an elevated broad step on which the bed may have stood, and some of the pictures appear most appropriate to a sleeping-room. Others are supposed to have been dressing-rooms, because on the walls a Venus is being decorated by the Graces, and all sorts of little flasks and boxes were found in them. The larger served for dining-rooms, and in some suitable accommodations for cold and hot baths are to be met with.

The manner in which a whole room might be perfectly heated, was what particularly struck me. Against the usual wall, a second was erected standing a little distance from the first. For this purpose large square tiles were taken, having like our tiles a sort of hook, so that they kept the first wall as it were off from them: a hollow space was thus left all round, from the top to the bottom, into which pipes were introduced that carried the warmth into the chamber, and rendered the whole place one stove as it were.—The ancients were also attentive to avoid the vapour or smell from their lamps. In some houses there is a nich made in the wall for the lamp, with a little chimney in the form of a funnel, through which the steam ascended.—Opposite to the house-door we see the largest room; which is properly a sort of hall, for it has only three walls, being quite open in the fore-part. Perhaps this was the place where the good woman sat at her work, surrounded by her children; enjoying the coolness of the well before her, and welcoming all the guests who entered. The side rooms have no connection with each other: they are all divided off like the cells of monks, the door of each leading to a well.

Most of the houses consist of one such square, surrounded by rooms. In a few, some decayed steps seem to have led to an upper story, which is no longer in existence. Some habitations, however, probably of the richer and more fashionable, were far more spacious. In these a first court is often connected with a second, and even with a third, by passages; in other respects their arrangements pretty generally resemble the rest.—Many garlands of flowers and vine-branches, and many handsome pictures, are still to be seen on the walls. It was formerly permitted

for the guides to sprinkle the pictures with fresh water in the presence of travellers, and thus revive their former splendour for a moment: but this is now strictly forbidden; and indeed not without reason, since the frequent watering might at length totally rot away the wall.

It is more certain that another of these houses belonged to a statuary, for we find his workshop still full of the vestiges of his art. A third was probably inhabited by a surgeon, whose profession is equally evident from the instruments discovered in his chamber.

A large country-house near the gate undoubtedly belonged to a very wealthy man, and would in fact still invite inhabitants within its walls. It is very extensive, stands against a hill, and has many stories. Its finely decorated rooms are unusually spacious; and its terraces airy, from which we look down into a pretty garden that has been now again planted with flowers. In the middle of this garden is a large fish-pond, and near that an ascent from which on two sides six pillars descend. This is usually called an arbour; but I know not why, for it has not the smallest resemblance to one. The hinder pillars are the highest, the middle somewhat lower, and the front the lowest: they appear therefore to have propped a sloping roof. A covered passage resting on pillars incloses the garden on three sides: it was painted, and served probably in rainy weather as an agreeable walk. It has a fine arched cellar underneath. It receives air and light by several openings from without; and consequently its air is so perfectly pure, that in the hottest summer it is always refreshing, and agreeable for a ramble. A number of *amphoræ*, or large wine-pitchers, are to be seen here, which are still leaning against the wall as the butler left them when he fetched up the last goblin of wine for his master. Had the inhabitants of Pompeii preserved these vessels with stoppers, wine might have been still found in them; but, as it was, the stream of ashes rushing in has of course forced out the wine, and the king of Naples is thus deprived of the pleasure of drinking that delicious liquor eighteen hundred years old. Instead of this we found more than twenty human skeletons, of fugitives who once thought to save themselves under ground, and certainly experienced a tenfold more cruel death than those suffered who were in the open air.

Ah! when we wander through the desert streets and houses, the question every moment recurs, What became of all these inhabitants? who appear to be just gone away for a moment only, leaving every thing lying or standing about as they had used it. Their destiny was dreadful. No stream of fire encompassed their abodes: they could then have sought refuge in flight. No earthquake swallowed them up: they would then have endured

nothing of the pangs of death from the sudden suffocation. *A rain of ashes buried them alive* BY DEGREES! Read the delineation of Pliny: "A darkness suddenly overspread the country; not like the darkness of a moonless night, but like that of a closed room in which the light is on a sudden extinguished. Women screamed, children moaned, men cried. Here, children were anxiously calling their parents; and there, parents were seeking their children, or husbands their wives: all recognized each other only by their cries. The former lamented their own destiny, and the latter that of those the dearest to them. Many wished for death, from the fear of dying. Many called on the Gods for assistance: others despaired of the existence of the Gods, and thought this the last eternal night of the world. Actual dangers were magnified by unreal terrors. The earth continued to shake; and men, half-distracted, to reel about, exaggerating their own and others' fears by terrifying predictions."

This is the dreadful but true picture which Pliny gives us of the horrors of those who were, however, far from the extremity of the misery. But what must have been the feelings of the Pompeians, when the roaring of the mountain and the quaking of the earth waked them from their first sleep? They attempted also to escape the wrath of the Gods, and, seizing the most valuable things they could lay their hands upon in the darkness and confusion, to seek their safety in flight. In this street, before one house, seven skeletons were found: the first carried a lamp, and the rest had still between the bones of their fingers something that they wished to save. On a sudden they were overtaken by the storm that descended from heaven, and sunk into the grave thus made for them. Before the above-mentioned country-house was still a male skeleton standing with a dish in his hand; and, as on his finger he wore one of those rings that were allowed to be worn only by Roman knights, he is supposed to have been the master of the house, who had just opened the back garden-gate with the intent of flying, when the shower overwhelmed him. Several skeletons were found in the very posture in which they had breathed their last, without being forced by the agonies of death to drop the things which they had in their hands. This leads me to conjecture that the thick mass of ashes must have come down all at once in such immense quantities as instantly to cover them. I cannot otherwise imagine how the fugitives could all have been fixed, as it were by a charm, in their position; and in this manner their destiny was the less hideous, for death suddenly converted them into motionless statues, and thus was stripped of all the horrors with which the fears of the sufferers had clothed him in imagination. But what then must have been the pitiable condition of those

who had taken refuge in the buildings and cellars? Buried in the thickest darkness, they were secluded from every thing but lingering torment; and who can paint to himself without shuddering, a slow dissolution approaching him, amidst all the agonies of body and of mind? The soul recoils from the contemplation of such images.

We have visited the inhabitants in their private houses: I now conduct the reader to the public edifices. The temple of Isis is yet standing here, with its Doric pillars. On these altars victims were offered, and from these white marble steps flowed the blood of the sacrifices. From that vault issued the voice of the oracle. The walls of this place were painted with emblems of the service of Isis; the hippopotamus, the cocoa-blossom, the ibis, &c. We still found here the sacred vessels, lamps, and tables of Isis. From a little chapel still existing, a poisonous vapour is said to have arisen formerly, which the heathen priests may have used for every species of deception. Seneca makes mention of it in his time; and after the violent eruption of Vesuvius, this vapour is said to have increased: but I did not observe the slightest smell.

A small Grecian temple, of which only two pillars remain, had been probably already destroyed by an earthquake, which in the reign of Titus preceded the dreadful eruption of the volcano. On the opposite side of this temple there is still an edifice named the quarter of the soldiers, because all sorts of armory-pictures of soldiers, and a skeleton in chains, were found there. Others considered it to be the forum of Pompeii.

Two theatres are in an excellent state of preservation; particularly the smaller one, which might be fitted up for representation at very little expence. The structure of it is such as was usually adopted by the ancients, but is unfortunately out of date with us. Whoever has seen the theatre of the Hermitage at Petersburg, in the emperor Paul's time, and figures it to himself uncovered and without boxes, has a true image of the theatre at Pompeii. I cannot conceive why this mode of building is not usual in the present day. The spectators require commodious seats, a free view of the stage, and facility of hearing, as much now as ever. All this is obtained in none of our modern theatres to such perfection as here. I have gone over the little theatre at Pompeii entirely from top to bottom, and seated myself in different places, but have never had occasion to complain of any one as not affording a good view. Though it is large enough to hold two thousand persons, yet the rabble standing in a broad gallery at the very top, were just as able to see all that was passing on the stage as the magistrate in his marble balcony. In this gallery the arrangements for spreading the sail-cloth over

the house were still visible. The stage itself is very broad, as it has no side walls; and appears less deep than it really is. A wall runs across it, and cuts off just as much room as is necessary for the accommodation of the performers. But this wall has three very broad doors; the middle one is distinguished by its height, and the space behind it is still deeper than before. If these doors, as I conjecture, always stood open, the stage was in fact large, and afforded moreover the advantage of being able to display a double scenery: if, for example, the scene in front was that of a street, there might be behind a free prospect into the open field. I should very much like to see a piece performed in such a theatre.

Our author finished his melancholy view of this place at the graves. Only one third of the city is yet dug out, and but twenty people are daily employed on it. M. Kotzebue suggests, that the 30 or 40,000 idle Lazzaroni, and the galley-slaves which fill the prisons, should be set to work at it. The French, during their stay at Naples in the last war, dug out several pretty houses. The buildings which have lately been discovered have fine marble fountains, and contain many beautiful pictures.

The French have plundered the museum of Portici of all its valuable relics; though there are still to be seen in it many things highly interesting and curious.

HERCULANEUM AND ITS MANUSCRIPTS.

No traveller, says Kotzebue, should be induced to descend deep in the ground for Herculaneum. The money which he must give his cicerone he may as well throw into the street; for his curiosity will be only wearied with a perpetual sameness in every cellar. Great preparations are made; torches lighted up; a burning wax taper given into every one's hand; after which we descend an incalculable number of steps. We hear the carriages rolling in the street over us, like distant thunder; and what do we see remarkable? Immense masses of lava, which once buried the city. For all the rest we must take the word of the guide. We are dragged up and down through all sorts of damp cold passages, that resemble subterraneous labyrinths, and are totally without air.—These walls are said to have belonged to the theatre. A small specimen of the marble is still to be seen. Those stairs lead down into the pit; here the unfortunate inhabitants sat witnessing the performance, while Vesuvius was brooding their destruction. We gape at the wall and the stairs, nod our approbation to the cicerone, remain as wise as before, and are at length heartily glad to get out of this cellar and see the day-light. Formerly this passage was very rich in curiosities; temples, theatres, pictures, statues, &c. were then in abundance to be ad-

mired; but now almost the whole is again closed, for want of room to dispose of the lava taken out at present; and there is, properly speaking, nothing to see. The magnificent works of art which have been brought to light, are, in one assemblage, to be found in the

MUSEUM AT PORTICI;

But the most remarkable objects in this museum, are the manuscripts found in two chambers of a house at Herculaneum. Though they have been so frequently described, they must be seen to furnish a correct idea of them. They resemble cudgels reduced to the state of a cinder, and in part, petrified; are black and chesnut-brown; lie in many glass cases; and unfortunately are so decayed, that under every one of them a quantity of dust and crumbs is to be perceived. Being rolled up together in the manner of the ancients, and perhaps also gradually damaged by the moisture penetrating through the ashes, it appears almost impracticable ever to decypher a syllable of them. But for the industry and talent of man nothing is impossible, and his curiosity impels him to the most ingenious inventions.

The machine by which the manuscripts are unrolled, is of such a nature that I despair of describing it clearly. It resembles, yet only in the exterior, a bookbinder's frame on which he usually sews his books. The manuscript rests on some cotton in the bow of two ribands, with one end fastened above in cords, exactly like the curtain of a theatre. Goldbeater's-skin is then laid on with the white of an egg in very small stripes, by means of a pencil, in order to give something to hold by. To this skin silk threads are fastened; which, together with the riband, wind above round the peg, in the same manner as the string of a violin. When the workman has, with the skin, laid hold of however small a part of the manuscript; and, by means of a sharp pencil, has loosened the first leaf as much as possible; he turns the peg with the greatest precaution, and is happy if he succeeds so far as to unroll a quarter of an inch: upon which he begins the operation afresh. It must not, however, be imagined that this quarter of an inch, which was undone with such infinite difficulty, remains an unconnected whole. Not at all: it rather resembles a piece of tinder that is full of holes.

After the workman has gained thus much of the flimsy leaf, he carries it, with his breath held in, to a table, and gives it to the copyists. These men must be very expert in distinguishing the letters. Their task is not only transcribing, but drawing: for they copy the whole leaf, with all its vacancies, in the carefullest manner; after which a man of learning tries to supply the parts that are wanting. These supplements are, of course, very

arbitrary. There is scarcely a line in which some letters or words are not wanting; often whole lines, or whole periods, must be filled up. What a wide field for conjecture! What is thus supplied is written in red ink, between the black; we may therefore instantly perceive at first sight, how much belongs to the original, and how much has been added. It is said that the manuscripts are also to be printed; in that case I anticipate how the linguists of Europe will employ themselves in cavilling, each in his way, at the supplies which have been thus made, or substituting others in their room.

The endless trouble which the whole must occasion, may be conceived. It was some time ago nearly laid aside, as every thing else is here; but the Prince of Wales has taken it upon himself, and defrays the expences without giving offence to the royal sportsman of Naples. Eleven young persons unfold the manuscripts, two others copy them, and a meritorious and zealous Englishman, named Hayter, has the direction of the whole. He assured me that the persons employed began to work with greater skill and expedition than some years ago. He by no means despairs of decyphering all the six hundred manuscripts still extant; and does not doubt of finding a Menander and an Ennius, as he flatters himself with having already found a Polybius, in his work. The very day before I visited the museum, he had discovered an unknown author, named Colotos.*

His business requires a philosophical temper. As the name of the author is always put on the last page, he cannot know whose work it is till that leaf is unrolled. Seven Latin authors have fallen into Mr. Hayter's hands; but unfortunately all in such a state that it was not possible to open them whole. He complained the more of this, as there appeared to be among them a work of Livy's; at least, it was certainly an historical work written in his style, and began with a speech in which much was said of a family of Acilius. Unfortunately, no more could be made of it. Mr. Hayter lamented that the first person to whom the manuscripts had been entrusted (a Spaniard named Albuquerque) had thrown them all together; for he himself thought that they might have been of various merit in the different chambers in which they were placed.

At present five writers have been discovered: Philodemus, of whom the most works have been found, and among others a treatise on the vices which border on virtues—certainly a very copious subject, if it has been discussed with ability; Epicurus; Phædrus; Demetrius Phalereus; and now Colotos. Mr. Hayter is not perfectly satisfied with finding nothing but philosophi-

* Κωλωτος.

cal works; yet he says that even in these many historical notices yet unknown are interspersed. There is, for example, a treatise on anger, containing an instance in which Bacchus punished Cadmus for indulging that passion; a circumstance of which we were never before informed. All travellers interested for the sciences, will catch (as I did) with eagerness every word from the mouth of the meritorious Hayter, and join with me in wishing him health. He is fully possessed of every other requisite qualification.

In a fresh conversation with Mr. Hayter, I have learnt that the manuscript of Colotos, lately found, contains a refutation of Plato's treatise on friendship. Mr. Hayter has also traced the name of Colotos in Plutarch; who has written against him, as he has against Plato. Thus it was the same with the ancient philosophers as with those of our times.

A new and important discovery has been made within these few days. The writings of Epicurus have hitherto been found only in detached parts, but now they have been met with all together. This manuscript is in the best state of preservation; and Hayter will now be able to rectify his own former supplements by the original. It must be extremely interesting for an intelligent man, to be able to ascertain in such a case whether he has properly supplied the sense.—A hundred and thirty manuscripts are either actually unrolled, or unrolling.

The numerous churches at Naples, and their curiosities, next occupy the attention of our author; but in our analysis his statements on this subject must give way to others of superior interest.

His visit to the cave said to contain Virgil's tomb, produces from him some severe remarks on that ridiculous vanity of individuals, which causes them, in all parts of the world, to scratch their names on the walls of every public place which they examine. He had no reason for believing that Virgil was buried in this cavern.

THE POST-OFFICE AT NAPLES.

As we go from the place Largo del Castello to the Mole, we must pass a corner where the lists of the letters arrived are hung out. As the throng of people is there at all times very considerable, it gives rise to some singularities, which, in my opinion, are confined to Naples. The letters are numbered, and the names of those to whom they are addressed are marked alphabetically; but these are the christian and not the surnames. This does not, however, apply to all without exception; for whoever has the good fortune to be a prince will have a place apart, marked by the letter P.

Many who cannot read come also to inquire if there a reetters addressed to them. A shrewd fellow has converted the ignorance of these into a source of emolument. He stands there with a packet of blank papers in his hand: the person who wants his assistance approaches him, and giving him a farthing or two, mentions his own name. The other casts a glance immediately over the list, and when he finds the name there, he does no more than write on a piece of paper the number under which it stands: this he gives to the inquirer; who hastens with it to the post-office, and receives his letter without ceremony: whether the receiver be right or not, is no matter of concern, if he will but pay the postage.

The letters of foreigners are not put on the list, but are thrown in a heap in the post-office. When a person of that description inquires for a letter, they direct him to the heap; which he turns over till he finds it, or is satisfied there is none for him. But if he chooses, he may take one not addressed to him, provided he pays the postage, which is the only evidence required of its being his property. It may easily be imagined that disorders must necessarily arise from such a want of all arrangement. Every foreigner will do well to have his letters addressed to a banker.

But to return to the corner I before mentioned. The man who marks down the numbers is not the only one who has found a source of profit there, though indeed he collects his receipts with the most ease and convenience. There are half-a-dozen small tables in the street; and as many men sitting before them, with phisiognomies as worn out as their coats. They hold pens in their hands, and a folded letter-case lies before them. They need only dip their pens in the ink-stands near them, and they are ready to write letters of any conceivable purport to every quarter of the habitable globe. A second chair opposite to theirs, invites the needy letter-sender to sit down, and communicate his thoughts to one who will give them the polish of good diction. Here we see an old woman; there an honest sailor; in a third place a warlike hero; and in a fourth a brisk lass: they have sons and mothers, and all sorts of concerns of the heart, far and near, in the Old and the New world. The old mother, for example, takes a seat (a scene that I have myself witnessed) opposite to the first writer, who had lost his nose (which is no uncommon thing here). He immediately puts his pen to paper: the date he had already written beforehand on the edge of the sheet, in order now to lose no time. He was right, for the good old dame is a little prolix. Her only son was roving about the world; and she wished him much to return, for she felt her latter end approach-

ing. She affords proofs of her sickly condition by frequent coughing, which interrupts the torrent of words, and the shower of tears that frequently gushes down, betrays the emotions of her mind. What I have comprehended in a short space, costs the poor old woman a multitude of words; which all imply the same thing, for she was in want of nothing less than expressions, her tongue appearing to be the healthiest part about her. The man listened patiently to her, digested her copious flow of thoughts with the greatest rapidity, and committed them with no less expedition to paper. The old woman put on a pair of spectacles, and followed every stroke of the writer's pen with strict attention. She often spoke in the mean time; recalling what she had forgotten, and making such amplifications as she found requisite. The gentleman of the quill paid no regard to her; but having fathomed the spirit of the intended letter, wound it up with expedition, not letting his pen drop till he had brought himself through the labyrinth of conceptions to the close of the epistle. He then read it over to the old woman; who nodded approbation, and let a smile steal through her wrinkles. The dexterous penman presented her with the instrument for subscription; which, however, she declined at this time *for various reasons*. He then desired her to spell her name, which he wrote; and closing the letter with a wafer, put upon it the name and address of her son, and delivered it to the tottering old dame. She laid hold of the paper that expressed her wishes but not her ardour, with her left hand, and directed her right to her pocket; which after much apparent trouble, at length reluctantly opened, and afforded a copper coin, which she gave to the writer, who had long stretched out his hand to receive it. She then hobbled with the letter to the post-office; and he quickly folded another sheet, unknowing and unconcerned whether he next should have to express the overflowing of a joyful or an afflicted heart.

All this correspondence is commonly conducted in such a loud and public manner, that the post-office has no occasion to break open the letters: it need only dispatch a few idle persons with good ears among the populace. Soldiers and sailors proclaim their affairs to the world without hesitation: their gesticulations while dictating are none of the gentlest, and they often beat with vehemence on the table of the writer. It might, indeed, be more difficult for a listener to catch the sensations of a bashful maid. I have seen some of this description also sitting and dictating, and I will venture to affirm that the letters were to the constant or inconstant ones who had stolen their hearts: but I have no other proof of this than the unintelligible whispering, the down-

cast looks, the varied colour of the cheeks, on her side; and the friendly glances of the secretary.

These men of genius have, however, not erected their pulpits in the street for only the dispatch of letters, but also to decypher such as arrive for those who cannot read. On the day when the post comes in, a different scene is exhibited from that which we have just enjoyed. All pens are at rest: the lips only are in motion; and, as may be easily conceived, there is another interesting supply for the curious observer. The fixed attention with which the hearer hangs on the lips of the reader; the varying passions, the accomplished or defeated hopes of the former; are well contrasted with the perfect indifference of the latter, and the unchanged voice with which he proclaims both joyful and melancholy news. Such various scenes are to be witnessed no where but in the open street. A friend of mine was once present upon a droll occasion of this kind. A sailor received a letter which he appeared to have waited for with the greatest impatience, and carried eagerly to the reader. The latter unfolded the paper, and commenced with the greatest unconcern the following billet, while the rejoiced sailor appeared ready to seize the words out of his mouth: "A greater rascal than you I never saw." It may be easily imagined how the looks of the gaping sailor were in an instant changed. He had no inclination to hear a continuance of the letter in the presence of a laughing crowd; but snatched it out of the hand of the reader, and crept away uttering imprecations.

We daily meet with these street-pulpits, surrounded with more or less bustle; and it is a characteristic of the Italians, in which they distinguish themselves from the French, that they display their ignorance without hesitation. The common French are just as little able to read as the Italians, but they never can be brought to acknowledge this to others. The Frenchman is vain and ignorant; the Italian ignorant only.

Our author was well entertained by the Carthusians at their monastery. He describes them as a generous and cheerful people, extremely partial to the good things of this world.

His excursion to Puzzuoli did not prove to him very satisfactory.

On visiting the different theatres at Naples, he saw nothing better worthy of notice than the spirited performance of the Italian grenadiers, who mixed with the dancers, and kept time with them by their military movements. The theatre of San Carlo at Naples, he takes to be the largest in Europe. It has six tiers of boxes, with ninety-eight boxes in each. The performers at it receive enormous salaries.

For an account of the living artists and collectors at Naples, with the particulars of what they have in their possession, we shall refer our readers to the work itself.

A SCENE OF HORROR AT NAPLES.

As I was one morning, says M. Kotzebue, passing through a populous street, I perceived a crowd of people assembled before the stall of a shoemaker, round a woman lying on the ground. It being a custom with me to neglect no opportunity of watching the people, I pushed through towards the place; where lay *a woman dying*. At the same time I heard from the lips of many by-standers the words (which chilled my blood), "*She is dying of hunger.*" The sight of the suffering creature confirmed this but too powerfully. She was scarcely covered with rags, and appeared a miserable skeleton of about thirty or forty. She lay on the pavement close by the shoemaker's stall; and by her side stood a broken straw-bottomed chair, which had been pushed towards her. That she was in the agonies of death, was evident. No one passed without standing a moment to survey the hideous spectacle; but all went on again as soon as they had satisfied their curiosity, without attempting to assist her. I had pushed through the crowd till I was nearest to her. With my purse in my hand, I prayed for God's sake, I called on the holy Virgin, that some one would have mercy on her; but in vain! In the open stall were a master and two journeymen: I offered them all I had by me if they would take the woman in, and lay her on a bed; but to no purpose. One of the men actually laughed; probably at my bad Italian. It is some consolation to think that the dying person understood my motions, if not my words; for her look rested on me, and I was the last object on which her closing eye was fixed. Upon that, she immediately died.

I was still not disposed to believe it; I retained the hope of being able to save her, and therefore continued to keep my post near her: but a person, probably a physician, passing by, took hold of her hand, and feeling her pulse, pronounced with great composure, "*She is dead,*" and went on. I also now stepped back to a little distance, but did not leave the street, that I might witness the end of this scene. The corpse lay a quarter of an hour in the street, stared at by thousands; till at length some shirri came, and dragged it away. Yes: I now deprecate this horrid incident before all Europe. I say aloud, *On the fourth of December, 1804, at ten in the morning, a human being perished with hunger in the street Giacomo, one of the most populous streets in the city of Naples.*—N. B. The king

went to the chase to-day; when I saw twenty or thirty dogs passing, and all in excellent condition.

THE CATACOMBS.

The entrance to these is by a little church of St. Januarius, lying in a very distant part of the city. To describe these habitations of the lower world in a clear manner, is a difficult task; yet I will attempt it.

A wide cavern opens upon us, which we descend with a lighted torch. An altar is shewn us, in which the body of St. Januarius was once inclosed; and behind the altar a chair fixed in the wall, from which the ministers of the first Christians are said to have preached. I will not vouch for the truth of this assertion: but thus much appears certain; that this chair is very old, and that it has not been fastened into the wall without an object. A person has certainly sat upon it, who has chosen to sit alone: he was without doubt surrounded by many people, whom he addressed sitting. The place is by no means damp; nor in any way filled with bad air, or very dark: for the wide entrance to the cave stands open, and indeed appears to have never been shut. I do not believe therefore, that the primitive Christians held *secret* meetings here: but the poor people had no money to build churches; and finding here one ready and suited to their necessities at that time, they made use of it.

Perhaps also the funeral service was performed for those buried here, and then the corpse was carried to the pit on the left-hand side. The spacious streets in this city of death are over-arched with rocks, that extend along to a sufficient height and breadth for the procession to pass unobstructed. It strikes into a passage which seems endless: the torches burn more dimly; and we fancy we see the *ignis fatuus* dancing before us. On both sides the rock is seen still inhabited; for on the right and left, beds, as narrow and low as those in a ship's cabin, are hewn out for the dead. In rows like the cells of bees, the little chambers are cut in the rocks, suited to the different sizes of children or adult persons; but we see no difference between the cell of the nobleman and that of the beggar. The train passes on for miles amidst these dumb inhabitants, seeking a place for the new-comer. At length a fresh-made bed is seen: here they lay him; and he slumbers calmly, perhaps by the side of his enemy. A stone is placed before the tomb with his name, and then the mourners leave him; for the torches begin to flag in their light, and they hasten back with anxious solicitude. Their eagerness is not without reason: for if a side passage should mislead them, or their torches be extinguished, no one can ever hear their voice supplicating assistance; they continually lose themselves

more and more in the labyrinth of death, and wander in desperation from tomb to tomb, till at length, half stifled and starved, they may dig their own graves with their nails.

This must not be taken for a picture of fancy: many have already found their death here, from wandering too far, or from their torches betraying them; for the passages are dug in the rocks without any order, apparently according to accident or caprice. Three subterraneous stories rise above one another, and their arches rest on numberless pillars. Sometimes we mount imperceptibly the upper story, and sometimes are obliged to guard against slipping down into the lower one through a gap formed by the earthquake. Whoever chooses (and some of this description there have been) may extend his gloomy perambulation for many miles, even as far as Puzzuoli.

The numberless receptacles for the dead are for the greater part filled with skulls and bones, but some are entirely empty. Whether these bones belonged to Christian martyrs or heathens, or whether the people who died some centuries ago of the plague, were thrown in here, is perfectly indifferent to me. My two guides believed the first with pious confidence. On leaving Germany I had promised a friend to bring back for him a bone from the catacombs: I now remembered this, and begged the favour of one. The cicerone freely consented; but the torch-bearer, a little old man, opposed it very earnestly. The cicerone, who expected a liberal recompence, tried to satisfy his companion by the suggestion that my desire sprung merely *per devozione*, "from piety." I directly confirmed this, with an asseveration to the same purpose; which finally satisfied the scruples of the torch-bearer, who stepped into the pit for the purpose of selecting one. But he was very difficult in making his choice, and rejected many which appeared to him more important. He at length fixed on a small bone; and, if my eyes did not deceive me, actually kissed it before he delivered it into my hands. I was obliged to promise him that no Neapolitan should be informed of this transaction; and, satisfied with my mouldered plunder, I hastened out of this gloomy region.

I shall not weary my reader with tedious conjectures relative to the origin of the catacombs; for, after all, I should only be obliged to copy them from books which are in every one's hands. As the most natural interpretations are the most agreeable to me, I think with those who imagine that originally stones and Puzzuoli-earth were taken out of the mountain for building; and that the cavities and passages thus increased, till they were at length so deeply dug in, that the getting out materials for building became too difficult, after which some person hit on the idea of burying the dead here. This was approved of; and has been

practised even in the pagan times, as thousands of inscriptions and urns still extant evince.

When speaking of the extreme misery of the people, and the upstart arrogance of the court, our author, in many parts of his works, makes such severe reflections on the latter, that could we persuade ourselves of the truth of his statements, (and we really have but trivial reasons for questioning his veracity,) we should think their late overthrow had been most justly merited.

NEAPOLITAN GAMESTERS.

If I were to say, observes Kotzebue, of a people, without naming them, that they are lazy, dirty, sensual, superstitious, violently fond of gaming, perfectly indifferent to the sciences, attached alone to ragged shew, strangers to honesty and fidelity, would it not be thought that I was speaking of Hottentots and Iroquois? Right: the higher classes in Naples are indeed the *savages* of Europe. They eat, drink, sleep, and game. They neither have nor want any other occupation than this last. The states of Europe are overthrown: they game not the less. Pompeii comes forth from its grave: they game still. The earth shakes; Vesuvius vomits forth flames: yet the gaming-table is not left. The splendid ruins of Pæstum, a few miles distant, shining as it were before every eye, must be discovered by strangers; for the Neapolitans are gaming. The greatest dukes and princes are keepers of gaming-tables. A prince Rufando, one of the most considerable noblemen of the country, keeps the first gaming-house in Naples; and besides his, there are twenty others of the same description. Thither all the great world are driving at the approach of evening. Strangers must be presented by some acquaintance; yet this is only for form. The stranger makes a slight inclination to the host, and the latter as slightly returns it; but it is a rule that not a word be uttered. In other respects it is like being at a coffee-house; or worse than a coffee-house, for there one can have what one will for money: but here are no refreshments, except perhaps a glass of water after having ordered it ten times of the servant.

A large but ill-furnished drawing-room is the rendezvous of *rouge et noir* and *faro*. A pile of chairs heaped up in a corner of the room, proves that a numerous company is expected. Scarcely have the gaudy throng rushed in, when they seat themselves, with greedy eyes fixed on the heaps of gold which glitter on the table. These meetings are called *converzationes*, but no one here must begin to *converse*. We hardly dare whisper single words: if any thing more is attempted, an universal hiss commands deep silence and attention to the mysteries of the game. Old women, particularly, sit either gathering up money

with their long bony fingers; or with their green outstretched eyes fixed on the *rouge et noir* table, lamenting the capriciousness of fortune. Even handsome young women degrade the dignity of their sex, setting beauty and the graces at defiance. The princess N., for example, is a professed gamester. Many others come to make new conquests, or to secure their old ones; in both which businesses they lay no restraint on themselves. A stranger is at the first look apprised of each lady's favourite: the husbands are either absent, or concern themselves not the least about the women; for of the execrated Italian jealousy here is not a single vestige. Even divines and children game: for example, the daughter of the marquis Berio, who is not more than eight years old. The marquis is one of the most enlightened noblemen.

Some maintain that this degrading conduct brings the prince Rufando yearly five thousand ducats. Others say that he receives no more than twelve ducats a day for converting his palace into a gaming-house. He himself does not hold the bank; but perhaps he has a share in it, and so both accounts may be true. The holder of the bank is, *in his way*, esteemed an honest man. This, at least, is certain, that he plays without suspicion; and sometimes, by express desire, tells out the sum gained twice, as an attentive by-stander assured me he had seen. Another, no less to be depended on, informed me that the winner must in general be very quick in taking up the money gained; for if he does but turn round, some neighbour will case him of the trouble. Perhaps this was only done through inadvertence; but *done* it is.

Whoever has been once introduced to these parties, may go daily in and out as he would to a tavern; and can in his turn present other strangers, whose names are no longer remembered than his own is, unless he plays very often and very high, for that is the only possible way of attracting the attention of the polite circles in Naples.

Thus till two in the morning they play away their time, money, health, and property. They then drive home, and sleep till noon; at which time they take a ride in the Villa Reale, where it is now the fashion to catch at the fresh air. The young gentlemen drive thither in a curricule, in order to shew their horses. Two, or at latest three, is the hour of dinner; after this follows a walk, either in the Santa Lucia, or upon the Magdélène bridge, or wherever the sun shines in the winter. They would, in reality, even care very little in their minds about the sun, except for the sake of displaying their charms, their dress, or their carriages, which last are of great importance to the Neapolitans. It is not absolutely necessary that these should be either

costly or elegant: if they only appear tolerable, with a pair of horses to them, it is enough; for nothing is dreaded more here than the terrible evil of going on foot. Thus they say of any one who has ruined himself by gaming, not, "Poor man! he is starving;" but, "Poor man! he goes on foot." The Neapolitan horses have survived their fame: since the French, who have a laudable passion for every thing they can steal, have carried off their finest stallions. After this they repair to the theatre, to chatter; or home, to kill the time in solitude till the wished for hour again approaches. This is the daily round of a fashionable Neapolitan. Some among them (Prince Anglo, for example) who possess eight or ten villas, yet never stir out of Naples.

In order to render the *converzazione* more inviting for the younger part of the guests, the host sometimes gives a ball, in a small and intolerably hot room, miserably lighted. The company are negligently drest; the music is bad, and the dancing worse. This lasts a couple of hours, and is easily perceived to be only a prelude to higher joys. The noise and chattering of the ladies is more insupportable here than any where else in Europe, being sufficient to stun the ears of a stranger; and is accompanied with the most violent gesticulations of the face. The common and disgusting dialect of the place is broad and *bleating* (I must be pardoned this word, which is indeed appropriate), and the ladies speak it with as little restraint as the fishwomen. No one will accuse me of exaggeration, on hearing that the Neapolitans learn the Tuscan as a foreign language, just as the Pomeranian peasants learn High German. I have seen the advertisement of a master of languages, in which, besides the Latin, German, Dutch, and Spanish, he expressly offers also to teach the Tuscan. The Neapolitan dialect is as different from the true Italian, as the Siberian is from the Russian; and has just the same drawling as is peculiar to the Siberian peasants. Whoever understands both the Italian and Russian, will hardly be able to distinguish one from the other, when they are both spoken at once. The circumstance of the ladies speaking the dialect of the common people, gives a proof of their total want of cultivation, and at the same time casts a censure on their lovers. One would suppose that most ladies would at least speak French; particularly now, as they so often come in close acquaintance with persons of that nation: yet we rarely find one speaking this language, even among the literati or nobles; for should any happen to use it, they pronounce it so intolerably bad, that it requires some trouble to be understood. The present minister for foreign affairs, Micheroux, is an exception: he speaks well, and is upon the whole a pleasant man; and is

not prevented by a painful disease from entertaining, even for hours, in an intellectual manner, those who visit him. But he is the descendant of a French family, and has spent much time in embassies at foreign courts.

Yet I forget that we are still at the ball: where while conversing we may be left in the dark; for about eleven o'clock, as soon as the musicians retire, the candles in the room are extinguished, whether the company are there or not. This is not done to save candles, but to give the company to understand that they should proceed to the gaming-table, which, however, is done by most without this hint; and now commences the grand scene. Each is thankful that the ball is over.

But I think I hear the reader exclaim, "Enough of gaming-companies: conduct us where no such vices pollute the palaces, or at least where commercial speculations only are carried on." I am sorry that I cannot fulfil this very moderate wish; but there are in reality no other societies in Naples than these infamous *converzationes*. Let it, however, be remembered, that I speak alone of Neapolitans: some foreigners have indeed introduced here the manners of their countries, and endeavour to keep them pure by admitting none but foreigners into their circles. I mention, for examples, the English minister Eliot, and the Russian countess Skawronsky. The latter has resided here for several years: she gives pleasant entertainments; which, notwithstanding her great age, she seasons with her humour. No Neapolitan can gain access to her: she is only visited, as it were, by birds of passage during their flight.

ITALIAN MORALS.

From the terrible Italian jealousy the stranger has nothing to dread; it is no longer to be found except in novels. The husband does not lay the slightest obstacle in the way, and even that doubtful animal the *cicisbeo* exists no more. Conjugal fidelity might be here depicted as flying, or concealing itself from ridicule: thus the Neapolitans are the only people in Europe who at the representation of my "Stranger" laughed instead of crying, because they cannot conceive how any one should make so much of a *common trifle*.

The few hours which gaming, debauchery, the theatre, &c. leave unoccupied, are devoted to religion. I have been informed that the genteel female sinners sometimes condescend to attend the sick in the hospitals, which perhaps turns out like the washing of the feet instituted by the emperor. The disguised brotherhood consist partly of the first nobility. I have sometimes seen individuals of them begging money for the souls in pur-

gatory, who might be considered as beaux among the spirits. The long hoods which covered them were of the finest snow-white linen, and on cool days they wore a small mantle of scarlet over them: the pilgrims' hats which hung by the side, appeared to be made of the softest beaver; and their shoes and silk stockings betrayed that the whole mummary covered a still better dress. They proceeded from house to house with an elegant bag, which they held out to every shop-keeper, and on receiving only a shake of the head, went without complaint farther. They conceive that this miserable farce will ensure them the favour of heaven.

SUPERSTITION OF THE NEAPOLITANS.

Superstition sometimes discovers itself in the most ludicrous manner. Lately, at the theatre Florentini, a comedy by Federici was performing, when in the middle of the representation some pious ears were struck with the sound of the little bell which announces that the sacrament is carrying through the street to a sick person. A loud hissing followed; and some voices called to the performers to retire, and assigned the reason. With the rapidity of lightning all the players flew from the stage, and the whole audience were upon their knees. Behind the scenes, decorated and painted actors and actresses were kneeling with heads bowed down, till the tingling of the bell was no more to be heard. This ceremony being over, the stage was again filled, and the play went on. Who would choose to reside in a place where such folly reigns, though Nature should have emptied her full horn as liberally as she has done here?

One chief object of the refined superstition of the Neapolitans, is founded on the doctrine of purgatory. It is shameful to see how their pious simplicity is by this means abused. People masked and unmasked are to be seen daily and hourly running through the streets, with bags and boxes, and in the most despicable manner enticing the people to part with their money, which they have with difficulty earned or even begged. I have seen flames painted on many houses and churches, among which several heads both old and young appear with up-lifted hands supplicating the passers-by; or even carved in wood, and placed in a theatrical style before the holy booth, where a trade in masses is carried on. Immense sums must thus every year pass through the hands of the priests, far exceeding any royal revenue. I am almost inclined to think that the government have done wisely in restoring the Jesuits; as this may prove a powerful means of substituting a judicious priestly despotism for a stupid one. No more can at the instant be effected.

In every church innumerable masses are daily said, and even

by several at the same time. The laziness of the Neapolitans find daily its excuse in the churches. They must hear mass, that is a spiritual duty: they infer, naturally enough, that the more they hear the better; and thus crowd into the churches, while they let their children starve at home. I think it must be very difficult to feel devotion in a place so ill calculated to inspire it: where all is confusion and noise; and where the *heretical* admirer of the arts walks about during the service, and can at pleasure have the curtain which conceals a fine altar-piece drawn away, even at the moment when the priest consecrates the host. In this manner I have for a few pence had many pictures shewn me, without having ventured to desire it.

Whoever is not satisfied with these proofs of the stupid superstition of the Neapolitans, let him recollect the blood of Saint Januarius, which even yet on certain days is liquefied. The thing is so well known, and has been so frequently related, that I may spare myself the trouble of repeating it. It is generally believed that the liquefaction of the red matter is produced by the warmth of the priest's hand; but this is an error. The small phial which contains what is called the blood, is inclosed in a large glass bottle, so as to leave an empty space between, which it would be difficult for the warmth of a hand to penetrate. Well-informed persons have assured me that the miracle is performed by chemical means, and therefore sometimes requires so much time; though it cannot fail if the bottle is sufficiently shaken. Few people, and even few priests, are in the secret; and among the latter class there are otherwise reasonable men who stedfastly believe in the miracle. When general Championet entered this city, he sent to request that the archbishop would liquefy the blood, in order to prove to the people the *divine mission* of the French. At first the prelate refused; but when the general informed him that if he continued obstinate, he would *himself* work the miracle, he yielded: for which the court, in my opinion very unjustly, sent him afterwards into exile.

IGNORANCE OF THE PEOPLE.

Of the attention paid by the great to the sciences, the booksellers' shops enable us to form an accurate estimate. There are indeed many of these; but religious books, and some translations from foreign languages, are all that they have to offer the inquirer. If we complain, the proprietors answer with a candid confession, that nobody in Naples writes, nobody reads, and consequently nobody buys books, except when some great man happens to purchase a collection for shew. The same may be said of paintings, which are also bought only for fashion's sake.

With statuary it is still worse: I have not been able to discover a single artist of any eminence in this line. Should there be one, it must be only for sepulchral ornaments.

ITALIAN LOTTERY.

I know too little of the middle class to venture giving a judgment of its manners. But this I know, that it is as ignorant and superstitious as the higher; and that with them the lottery takes the place of *rouge et noir* among their superiors, and appears to be followed with equal ardour. I have been present at one drawing: it is a popular spectacle which no stranger ought to omit witnessing. A number of men drest in black, with curled wigs, assemble in a large room at the town-hall (*vicaria*) every fortnight, for about a quarter of an hour; for which condescension they are amply paid. A charity-boy, as is usual in other countries, draws the numbers: he is hung over with relics; and before he enters his office, is blessed by the priest, and sprinkled with holy-water. Nearly a thousand persons had forced themselves into the room; and though every door and window was open, yet the air was so impregnated with mephitic vapour, that I will venture to say it would have extinguished a lighted candle. The shouting and hissing of this multitude is even worse than the horrible smell: I was often tempted to think myself in a madhouse. Whenever one of the grave gentlemen who were to preside over the ceremony appeared, he was received with a loud and universal hiss for being rather too late. The turning of the wheel was attended with a most hideous noise. The first-drawn ticket (taken from the boy by one of the presidents, and given to a lazarone behind him) was received with universal applause, and the building resounded with shouts. On the contrary, the second number was violently hissed. I now hastened out, for fear of being squeezed to death.

On the stairs also I found business was going forward. A pious man had taken his station to beg money for the souls in purgatory: this was no bad speculation, particularly *before* the drawing; as each then wished to procure the favour of heaven. Besides this, the stairs were filled with begging cripples; and, that the leading features of the Neapolitan character might be complete (superstition, love of gaming, poverty, and filthiness), it was permitted for every one to use the landing-place for easing the necessities of nature.

When I reached the street, I found the crowd who were shouting above multiplied repeatedly. A heavy shower fell, but no one regarded it. The rabble with and without umbrellas formed a long thick line, from the *vicaria* to the building (at the dis-

tance of several streets) where the prizes were paid. When a ticket of this description was drawn, it was announced from a window to a porter standing for that purpose in the street; who immediately proceeded with the intelligence to the before-mentioned house, stopping however by the way to impart the news to the anxious multitude. As soon as the mob perceived, at a distance, one of these porters, all was noise and confusion; and thousands of hands were waving in the air, for without using his hand no Neapolitan can speak. For half a minute every lip was in motion, in communicating the important observations which this great event produced: but the storm was soon over, and all still again till another porter appeared; who with a second number created the same uproar. It was worth the trouble to witness this scene.

The rage for lotteries extends itself farther here than any where else, because superstition finds thereby an ample field to work in. It is truly ridiculous to see what trifles influence the Neapolitans in their choice of numbers. Should any lounge who has nothing else to do, write five numbers by chance upon a wall, and remark that these will surely be prizes, it is probable that out of ten persons who see the numbers, eight will choose them. This diabolical passion has seized the lowest classes, and every tattered beggar carries the trifle he has received to the lottery.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE NEAPOLITANS.

However dark the colours are in which I have sketched the Neapolitan character, they must become yet more so as I descend to the common people. With the vices of the gentry they combine some which are properly their own; yet men of respectability, and foreigners who have passed five and twenty years here, assured me that they are in reality true-hearted and generous. I neither can nor wish to deny what these persons say, for they have had too frequent opportunities of observing them. To me it is very clear that uncultivated people may commit great crimes, and yet be really willing to do great actions; their vices being only habits.

Formerly the Neapolitans had a frequent habit of stabbing each other in the breast with knives on the slightest quarrel. At present, however, this exists no more. We may pass the streets by day or night as securely as through our own apartments. This happy change has also been effected by a strict ordinance of the duke of Ascoli. No person whatever, except officers in uniform, can appear in the streets armed, or venture to make any disturbance; for besides the punishment of the law, the offend-

er receives upon the spot military correction, either with a stick, whip, or the pillory. The prince has enforced respect for these regulations by a newly-formed guard, drest in black and yellow, and distinguished from the common sbirri by the privilege of entering houses and arresting any person without distinction, not excepting officers. The severity of this measure is another melancholy proof of its necessity.

The Italians are in general extremely irritable and revengeful, though not malicious. In the first moments of their fury they are not masters of themselves. A supposed injury must be revenged on the spot; and, if possible, with a stiletto. I once saw a lad who had been wounded by another in the head with a stone. He ran after the offender, but could not overtake him. He foamed with rage, bit his handkerchief, and tore it with his teeth. This strange eruption of his fury often returned; and after he had gone away apparently quite calm, I heard him suddenly again roaring at a distance, and saw him again biting his handkerchief. Had this fellow caught his adversary, and not been previously disarmed of his knife by the beneficent duke of Ascoli, he would have become a murderer.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES RELATIVE TO THE MANNERS AND CHARACTER OF THE NEAPOLITANS.

We shall now present our readers with a series of particulars relative to this debased and subjugated nation, which at the present time cannot fail to prove highly interesting. We have selected them from various parts of the celebrated work before us.

Very little trade is carried on by the natives of the Neapolitan dominions, though commerce might there be so flourishing. They possess the finest articles for exportation; corn, oil, raisins, figs, silk, wool, wine, &c. They have excellent harbours on the Mediterranean and Adriatic sea; but—they have no credit. They transact business in the same manner as the Russian merchants: they wait for orders from foreigners for their commodities. To make speculations at Naples is extremely hazardous, excepting you are connected with some good foreign house. The payments are very irregular; and if you send hither a greater quantity of goods than can be disposed of in three months, you are sure to have them returned upon your hands. Foreign commodities are, therefore, very dear, notwithstanding the facility of procuring them on every side.

It is a singular custom, but which places the credit of the Neapolitans in a very unfavourable light, that when you make any agreement with a Neapolitan,—for instance, with a vetturino for the journey to Rome,—you do not pay him part of the money in advance, as is customary in other countries, but he de-

posits a sum in your hands. If you omit this precaution, you are not safe. The unknown stranger, therefore, has more credit than the resident native.

For those who reside at Naples, that city is a cheap place: for nature produces without trouble all the necessities of life the whole year through, and consequently the price of them is very low. Strangers, indeed, are obliged to pay more for them, and to such Naples is as dear as Paris. This applies in particular to lodging. For a handsome decorated hall and four apartments, I paid 120 dollars (about twenty guineas) per month; but they were, indeed, in the best part of the town, in the *Largo di Castello*, surrounded by all the theatres, commanding a view of Mount Vesuvius, in a very clean house, called *Albergo del Sole*, which is kept by an amiable Englishwoman, and where the accommodations are very good. This house I recommend to every traveller, except he would rather choose to have the credit of living at the very first hotel, *la Grande Bretagne*, where the charges are said to be exorbitant. Living is good, but not cheap. The price of ten carolins a-head, for which I bargained, was uncommonly low. In this sum wine was indeed included; but the ordinary table-wine, which is excessively sweet, is not fit to be drunk, so that you must pay extra for *Lacrymæ Christi*: but for about nine-pence a bottle you may procure tolerably good wine of that kind. The bread is not extraordinary, and is far inferior to the French. The vegetables are by no means so good as those of more northern countries: the carrots and turnips are scarcely eatable; the cauliflower only is good, and grows to a vast size. Fish and fruits are excellent and abundant; but only those which nature brings forth without the aid of art: on the contrary, pine-apples (though reared here with very little trouble) are dearer than at Berlin, because there are no hot-houses. A coach is, as in all other countries, one of the most expensive articles for a stranger; it costs daily four dollars and a half. If you take a coach and four horses for an excursion of a few miles into the country, it is an expence of nine dollars. Boxes at the theatre are scarcely to be procured at all. The whole box must be engaged at once, for single places are not to be had; and yet no ladies are permitted to be taken into the pit. It is therefore fortunate for a person if he is not often tempted to go to the play. The ordinary wages of a lacquey are six carolins per day: this, in comparison to other capitals, is not much; but it is necessary for a stranger to be upon his guard, as these people are real blood-suckers, charging for every thing double what they pay, and thus putting one half into their own pockets. Besides, among all the indolent animals at Naples these are the most indolent. The articles of female dress may here be procured handsome

and elegant, but at extravagant prices. With pictures and antiquities you are completely overwhelmed. Those who are not connoisseurs should beware of imposition; nor should they suffer themselves to be led, by the price demanded, to believe that the article is at least worth one half. They should offer one third, and that is often too much. At Villa Franca may be purchased copies of the most celebrated paintings, which are, in general, admirably executed in miniature by the young artists there, who are satisfied with a very moderate remuneration. But whoever is desirous to purchase originals, whether pictures, vases, or gems, would do well to consult some connoisseur. Rega, the stone-cutter, is accounted one of the first, and I know that many collectors would never make a purchase till they have heard his opinion.

A scene took place under my window, which was not calculated to excite any prepossession in favour of the fair-sex of this city. A woman, very decently dressed in black silk; and with a large black hood (which is commonly worn here) over her head, was engaged in a quarrel with another female, who, from her white dress, did not appear, any more than the other, to belong to the lowest class of the people. The dispute continued for some time, with a horrible noise; when the woman in black suddenly gave the other a sound box on the ear, which was immediately repaid in the same coin. She then tore the hood from the head of her antagonist; and, fixing both hands in her hair, dragged her along the market-place, and pulled her with great violence. The white one, spying her advantage, tripped up her opponent, and threw her with such adroitness on the pavement, that the light of the sun saluted her——, on which she began to hammer away like a cook on a chopping-board. A mob of several hundred persons thronged so closely around them, that the combatants had scarcely room to move their nervous arms.

The battle was accompanied with howling, shouting, hissing, clapping, but nobody took the trouble to part the frantic females, who might have beaten out each other's brains for what the spectators cared. At length some soldiers came and separated them; but they were not confined. On the contrary, a well-dressed man approached, offered the black lady his arm, and quietly conducted her from the scene of action. No one concerned himself about the white one, who quitted the field of battle as conqueror. These women bit their handkerchiefs for rage, which expression of anger seems to be peculiar to the Neapolitans. On all occasions of a similar nature the people remain quiet spectators; not even considering it their duty to prevent accidents. When boys fight in the streets, a circle is immediately formed, and it is not till blood is drawn that any of the bye-standers attempt to part them.

The Neapolitans are excessively afraid of rain. No where are so many umbrellas to be seen as at Naples, and in rainy weather it is extremely difficult to avoid the thousands of them which you meet in the many narrow streets. It is diverting to see how the hackney-coachmen in the public places drive off in all directions, on the fall of a sudden shower. At the very moment when there is the greatest occasion for those vehicles, not one of them is to be met with in the streets. This singular fear arises, as I was informed, from the idea, which probably is nothing more than prejudice, that the rain here is highly prejudicial to health. — They have a custom which I never remember to have observed elsewhere, but which is worthy of imitation. When heavy rains have formed streams in the middle of the streets, which it would be very inconvenient for pedestrians to wade through, small bridges on wheels are immediately brought out to these places, where they remain till the water has run off.

The common hackney-coaches in Naples are very far from elegant, and are remarkably filthy. Some idea of the inside of one of these vehicles may be formed from the following circumstance. At noon the driver opens both the doors, throws his oats at the bottom of the coach, and places one of his horses at each door, so that the animals feed head-to-head out of the vehicle.

At the approach of Christmas, hundreds of bag-pipers are to be seen at Naples; whose dress of sheep-skins, with the wool outwards, forms a singular contrast with the light clothing of the Lazzaroni. They are herdsmen from Apulia and other remote provinces; who consider it as a religious duty to make a pilgrimage at this season, with their bag-pipes, to the metropolis, to entertain the Holy Virgin with their music, in imitation of the shepherds who went to see our Saviour in the manger at Bethlehem. They go from house to house, and from shop to shop; and it is quite diverting to see with what devotion they stand before the image of the Virgin, and with what pious looks they gaze on the Madonna, while their lungs and fingers are thus busily engaged. I wonder that no painter has yet chosen such a scene as a subject for his pencil. Several weeks before Christmas nothing is to be heard in the streets but this music; which, however, is very harmonious: during the nine days preceding that festival, it is said to be the worst. I have been assured that many of these shepherds attend upwards of forty houses daily. As a quarter of an hour at least must be devoted to each Madonna, one of these people consequently plays for ten successive hours on the bag-pipe. What lungs!

The *Patres Scolari*, in the Collegio Caravaggio, announced the commencement of their lectures on the 12th of November.

Curiosity led me to the place, though with small hopes of gratification. I found a small gallery hung round with geometrical and mechanical figures. On each side were some benches, on which seven young men were seated: at the further end, behind a table, was a man who could scarcely be thirty years of age; he wore an ecclesiastical habit, and had placed his cap by his side. He was just ready to begin when I entered: he immediately rose, came politely to meet me, and enquired what was my pleasure. It was some time before he could comprehend that I came merely with a view to listen to his discourse: astonishment was legibly imprinted on his countenance at the unexpected visit of a man with a star at his breast. Instantly collecting himself, he very civilly shewed me a place, seated himself, briefly repeated to me what he had said in the forenoon on the history of philosophy, and then proceeded with a suavity and a choice of expression, which astonished me as much as the sound reason that pervaded all his discourse. That he should ground all philosophy on mathematics, as he did, was what I was not prepared to expect. It is true, he advanced nothing but what is perfectly familiar to every German educated in Protestant seminaries; but it afforded me no small pleasure to hear such things, in such a place, and from a person in such a habit. At the conclusion of the lecture I went away, filled with sincere respect for the young man, whose features were as intelligent as his discourse. I am only afraid the seven young persons who gazed at him with open mouths, understood but little of what he said. These were the only philosophical lectures at Naples of which I heard any tidings. As it contains, according to report, seven hundred thousand inhabitants, it follows that only one out of one hundred thousand feels any inclination to study a little philosophy.

A philosopher, of a description very different from the preceding, says in a printed advertisement, "There have at all times been many ungodly people, who maintain that the study of nature is prejudicial to revealed religion. This assertion is, however, unfounded: religion is rather a herald of the mysteries of God, and Nature proclaims his omnipotence. Mankind are, notwithstanding, so perverse as to regard religion as an enemy to the progress of the human mind, and to look upon freedom of thought in me or any other as irreligious. To refute this opinion," he continues, "I have written a book entitled, 'Irreligious free-thinking an enemy to the advancement of science;' in which it is proved that all works written by men who were not pious believers, swarm with errors, that they merely follow the ancients without ever soaring higher than they have done, and that christianity has exercised the most beneficial influence on all modern

discoveries." This admirable work may, in a short time, be procured of Messrs. Terres, at Naples, for seven carolins.

PALACE AT NAPLES.

Of the royal palace at Naples I can say nothing further, than that it has a handsome and imposing exterior. The interior I saw but once, on being presented, and consequently had but little opportunity for observation. The apartments through which I was conducted were hung with tapestry, of the manufacture of the country, but which is far inferior to that of the Gobelins. Most of the designs were extremely rude; the colours were lively, and almost glaring. On one of the walls the Graces were holding a medallion, containing the portraits of the king and queen: that of the king in uniform is a striking likeness; but the queen is represented in a dress which was in fashion about twenty years ago, and of course now looks horribly. The Graces who hold this tasteless medallion, likewise bear a billet, on which is written the following sentence from the proverbs, *Rex sapiens dissipat impios* (A wise king disperses the wicked.) It must be acknowledged that no where is such shameless adulation practised as at Naples. I, however, saw two fine marble busts, of the emperor Francis, and the German hero, the Archduke Charles, whose open and intelligent countenance produces the most favourable impression on the mind of the spectator.

JUSTIFICATION OF THE QUEEN.

I arrived at Naples with strong prepossessions against the queen, partly derived from books, and partly from verbal information: I left that city convinced of her amiable manners and disposition. I admit that, in these difficult times, she has not always conducted the helm with a steady hand; that she often adopted measures which she was obliged to retract, as well as others from which it was not in her power to recede: but may not the same be said of almost every prince in Europe? Extraordinary circumstances require extraordinary measures. He with whom they succeed is denominated great; but those who are unsuccessful sink in the estimation of mankind. I am certain that the queen always acted for the best; but when the way to it is enveloped in the thickest mist, the instinct of a Frederic is required to find it. The queen is a most tender and affectionate mother to her children: this maternal heart is likewise a royal heart; nothing but the worst usage is capable of hardening it against the people, or of blunting its sensibility. "To make the people happy," said she to me, "we are often obliged, though against our inclinations, to act the despot; and if we do, we are not beloved." I expressed my opinion that this was not always the

case, and as an example I mentioned Maria Theresa. "Oh!" replied she, "my mother was nevertheless unhappy towards the conclusion of her life; for the ungrateful people universally wished her death. And why? On account of a paltry impost." Of the illusions of royalty she speaks with an amiable candour and sincerity, which excite irresistible prepossessions in her favour. She longs for the period when general tranquillity shall allow her to resign the burthen of public affairs, and to withdraw, with her husband, into solitude. "Then," said she, "then it will be seen who was attached to Maria Carolina, and who merely paid their court to the queen." Assuredly those who have the happiness to be near her, and to hear her often speak in this manner, must be attached to her. "The highest felicity on earth is the happiness of being a mother," said she to my wife, who expected shortly to enjoy it. "I have had seventeen living children; they were my only joy. Nature made me a mother; the queen is only a gala-dress, which I put off and on." At these words she took her dress between two fingers, and loosed it again almost with an air of contempt. "He who possesses an independence," said she, with an emphasis that was not affected, "is far more happy than the prince on his throne." It would be improper to repeat all that she said concerning the present times, the Jesuits, &c. All, however, manifested an enlightened mind, and a heart, filled indeed with acrimony, but excellent at the bottom. She is accused of falsehood and artifice; but I really doubt whether it is possible so grossly to deceive one whose principal employment has, for thirty years, been the observation of mankind. What she said to me, she both thought and felt; nobody shall ever persuade me of the contrary.

Sincerity and good-nature are legibly inscribed on the countenance of the hereditary prince. Prince Leopold and the two princesses appear to be rather bashful. All of them conversed with me in the German language; which the hereditary prince, in particular, speaks very fluently. The reciprocal behaviour of the children to the mother, and the mother to the children, which I had an opportunity of observing, is so tender, so unaffected, as to inspire the bosom of the stranger with the most agreeable sentiments. It is likewise a commendable trait in the character of the queen, that she is still so strongly attached to her native land. On entering her antichamber you hear nothing but German, and honest German faces every where smile upon you. The queen receives every week from Vienna a written account of all occurrences remarkable or not in that city. She calls it her chronicle of lies, but has suffered it to be sent for thirty years without countermanding it.

ALGERINE SLAVES.

As you go to the street St. Lucia, you may look down into an extensive court-yard belonging to one of the buildings of the Admiralty. Here the captive Algerine pirates are permitted to take the air; and I have sometimes observed the half-naked, tawny fellows, with fierce, hideous countenances, amusing themselves with playing at ball, or with folded arms smoking their pipes. They are about forty in number, and were all taken in the same ship. On the contrary, as I was informed, at least four thousand Neapolitans languish in captivity at Algiers; so superior is the marine of his Algerine highness to that of his Sicilian majesty. The pirates, knowing they had no danger to fear, had already become so bold as to land at Castel-a-Mara, not ten miles from Naples, where they plundered and carried off whatever they pleased. A well-informed man declared, that if these barbarians had sufficient courage and local knowledge, they might land in the night at Portici, and carry the whole royal family into captivity. Is it not a shame, that not a ship can sail for Sicily without running the risk of being taken as soon as it has quitted the port of Naples?—Now, however, tranquillity is restored at sea for a few weeks: for Micheroux, brother to the secretary of state, who has the command of a squadron, watched for the corsairs, attacked them with great bravery, and handled them very roughly. They were obliged to seek their own ports: so that at present the sea is quite clear of them. I became acquainted with this Neapolitan naval hero, who is as accomplished as he is brave, and speaks with great modesty of his victory. The Algerines received a tremendous fire for a full half-hour before they fled. They were superior in number to the Neapolitans, but their guns were badly served.—Of what advantage is this victory to the four thousand wretches who groan far from their native land in the fetters of slavery, and who are kept incessantly to hard labour? On the other hand, the few Algerines at Naples are well treated, and do nothing at all. Is it possible that these plunderers should continue to be tolerated by so many naval powers? I know that Louis XIV. once said, “If there were no Algiers, we ought to wish for one:” but how he could reconcile that expression either to sound sense or policy, I cannot comprehend.

The native galley-slaves at Naples are treated far worse than the Algerine captives. They are not much employed in labour; for as often as I walked along the coast to Portici, I saw them in a castle sitting behind two iron gates, situated at some distance from each other, so that the fresh air had a considerable space to traverse from the outermost gate to the innermost. At the windows women and girls are usually standing, and talking with their husbands and lovers, often weeping, and sometimes laughing;

and supplying them with all kinds of eatables. At certain hours they are driven into a small open place, which cannot be more than twenty feet square, and which is surrounded with high and strong palisades. Besides this, numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry, who surround the place with muskets charged and swords drawn, are commanded to fire and cut them to pieces, if the slaves make the least motion to effect their escape. To this, however, they shew no disposition; but content themselves with thrusting their black (absolutely *black*) linen through the intervals between the palisades to the women who wait for it without. If a prisoner ever escapes at Naples, it is not the fault of the government, which does not fail to provide a sufficient number of guards. In cases where, in other countries, two guards are employed, it allows a dozen. I have several times seen single individuals, who were bound, escorted to prison by ten or twelve well-armed *sbirri*; and when I asked, "Why so many?" I received for answer, "If there were only three, the prisoner, though bound, would overpower them and escape." It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that a few unmanacled Frenchmen should so speedily put to the rout armies of eighty thousand men. State-prisoners are conveyed in well-secured sedan-chairs: they are surrounded, besides, by six or eight *sbirri*; and processions of this kind, which I met four or five times, actually excited considerable attention. I wonder that the government does not direct these removals to be made at night. It has a great number of spies in its pay, and among them are people of the highest rank. One of the most notorious is said to be a chevalier R—, who frequents the first companies.

To express the power of hunger in a manner somewhat disgusting, but extremely energetic, it would be necessary only to copy a scene which I have several times witnessed. A man sells melons, cut into small pieces. A poor devil buys one of these pieces, devours it, bites off the rind with his teeth, and throws it away. A beggar-boy immediately picks it up out of the mud, voraciously gnaws it once more, and does not drop it, with a sigh, till it is as thin as post-paper.

CLIMATE OF NAPLES.

I have already several times made mention of the delightful climate of Naples, and I must acknowledge that it surpasses every description. I was, at first, very apprehensive of the cold: for, thought I, where there are no stoves, where chimnies are but seldom met with, and the floors are of stone, the mildest winter would be more severely felt than the rigours of a Russian season, which by means of proper stoves they know how to overcome. But

I was mistaken. In my four or five apartments there was but a single fire-place for cases of necessity; and in this I never had a fire made, though I did not leave Naples till the sixteenth of December. Through the whole of November, the thermometer was generally above twenty degrees: day and night were equally warm. Notwithstanding my custom of sitting down to my writing-table at four o'clock, and sometimes earlier, I never felt the least cold. The people here use a kind of copper pan, with an arched cover, in which myrtle-branches are burned, and diffuse a pleasing warmth: but in houses that face the south these may be dispensed with; for my part, I never had occasion for them. Two days, on which the temperature had fallen about four or five degrees, seemed to the Neapolitans intolerably cold, and they all declared they had never experienced more inclement weather. I naturally laughed at them when I met them with their faces muffled up in their cloaks. The floors are covered with mats made of rushes, which entirely counteract the effect of the cold stones. Scarcely a day passed without much lightning either in the morning or evening: sometimes these storms were extremely violent; and in one of them, during the last days of my residence at Naples, the lightning killed three men at Castel Nuovo. Had it fallen two or three paces further, it would have set fire to a powder-magazine, and would probably have prevented me from ever describing its operations. It is remarkable that, though thunder-storms are so frequent, not a single lightning-conductor is to be seen at Naples. The circumjacent country is decked with eternal verdure. Few trees entirely lose their leaves, and none of the hedges become quite bare. The sun's rays are often scorching, and almost always too warm. The natives complain of the sea-breeze, called Sirocco, which they imagine relaxes the system, and makes them indolent and ill. With me, however, the Sirocco agreed extremely well. Though its name was before so terrible, I became acquainted with it only as a warm delightful zephyr, which never produced in me any disagreeable sensation. I revelled in this heavenly climate, amid these enchanting beauties of nature, these monuments of antiquity; and yet—I candidly acknowledge it—yet did I feel no regret at quitting Naples, but drew my breath more freely when I had turned my back on a city containing half a million of people, with none of whom I could contract a friendship. To lead what may with propriety be termed an agreeable life, we must reside among good men. Nature and the climate are of very little consequence. We may accustom ourselves to every thing, but not to people without hearts.—Farewel, proud Parthenope! never do I wish to behold thee again.

EXCESSES OF THE LAZZARONI.

Among the atrocities of the revolution, every one still relates with horror that the Lazzaroni roasted men in the streets, and begged money of the passengers to purchase bread for their roast meat. Many of them carried in their pockets fingers, ears, &c. which they had cut off; and when they met a person whom they looked upon as a patriot, they triumphantly exhibited their bloody spoils. One of these murderers shewed with exultation a reeking dagger to one of my acquaintance, boasting that he had plunged it into the bosom of a Jacobin. The person to whom he was speaking was obliged to feign excessive joy at the account; he inquired who the Jacobin was, and heard the name of one of his most intimate friends. On this occasion the women were the most outrageous; it was sufficient to be pointed out by one of these furies as a Jacobin, to be instantly sacrificed. All who wore cropped hair were devoted victims. False tails were procured; but the deception being perceived, the people ran behind every one that passed, pulled him by the tail, and if it came off, it was all over with the wearer. Upwards of two thousand houses were completely plundered. The Danish consul was often in danger, because his uniform was mistaken for French. Every thing was done *par la santa fede*, so that *santa fede* is now become an opprobrious term. For three months Ruffo and his Calabrians indulged in these excesses. The French at length came, and in twenty-four hours tranquillity was restored. Their number did not exceed four thousand, but that was sufficient for such a pusillanimous enemy. The measures they adopted were indeed severe: when, for example, they met a suspected person, all they did was to smelt at his hands; if they smelt of powder, he was cut in pieces without mercy.

There is at Naples a species of begging more disgusting than that of the street-beggars. On my presentation at court, one of the attendants first appeared in my anti-chamber, and in the name of all his comrades wished me joy on my happy arrival. I shrugged my shoulders, and made him a present. A quarter of an hour afterwards, one of the halberdiers (the guards in the interior apartments of the palace) came with the same compliment. He was followed by several others; and at length the domestics of the master of the horse were announced, though that officer had no concern at all with the presentation. I had no other alternative than to throw away fifty piastres, or to send them away with as little ceremony as they shewed of modesty. I was assured that a German prince, who had recently visited Naples, had been obliged to give in this manner eighty piastres.

This is disgraceful! The example of the court is followed by the great. If you have dined with any one, you are sure to have one or two of his people with you the next morning, to make you pay for your dinner three times the price for which you might have had it at a tavern. This is truly disgraceful!

For the particulars of the author's journey from Naples to Rome, we shall refer the public to the book itself. A very interesting account is given by Kotzebue of

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

This building is esteemed a wonder of the world by every one: but my usual fate at the sight of wonders attended me here also; I felt no sensation of satisfaction in beholding it. I did not find it elegant, nor even imposing: for its immense size is lost in endless little decorations.—But I must describe it with regularity:

The church is built on a spot which formerly made part of the circus and the gardens of Nero. Its ground, however, has been consecrated by the blood of martyrs. Its origin is dated more than three centuries ago; but it has been frequently altered, and at times entirely neglected by one pope or zealously pursued by another. Bramante, the celebrated architect, took it into his head to put an immense dome on it; yet, dying soon after, he could only erect the four capital pillars, which were subsequently found too slender by Raphael Urbino, and therefore better secured in their foundation. The church was to be built in the form of a Latin cross at one time, and like a Greek one at another: yet this unfortunate cross was adhered to by every one, even by Michel Angelo Bonarotti; and this is the cause why all endeavours at producing a grand effect have proved abortive. Michel Angelo took the famous Pantheon as a pattern for the dome: he intended to copy its front also, but he died too soon. James de la Porte finished the dome, and Charles Maderno the rest of the building. Bernini (who acquired his fame nobody knows how) has been pleased to put a steeple on it; but he was compelled to take it down again, as the walls began to burst in several places. During the pontificate of Pius the sixth a sacristy was added.

More than a dozen popes, and several dozens of architects, have been busy at the building; mending, ornamenting, and spoiling it. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the expences already amounted to seventy millions of Roman dollars; and they now perhaps exceed twice that sum. The front is grand; yet the last pope took a fancy to modernise it, and placed there two dials, which have spoilt the whole. Every writer gives an account of its dimensions; yet to furnish an idea of its magnitude I shall only mention that the height of the body of the church from the

ground to the upper part of its ceiling is 432 feet, and that sixteen persons may find sufficient room for themselves in the globular top over the dome. On the 29th of June, annually, the dome is lighted by four thousand lamps and two thousand fire-pots: this must be a fine spectacle. The pope also bestows his blessing annually, on Maundy-Thursdays, from the middle balcony.

The vestibule of the church is grand and beautiful. Over the second entrance we admire a mosaic from Giotto, executed in the year 1303. At the corners to the right and left we see the statues of Charlemagne and Constantine on horseback. We, however, need not approach them; for neither of them is worth examining. Charlemagne appears in the act of riding through a triumphal arch, from which a *curtain* descends. What an idea! to treat a triumphal arch like an alcove. Yet this invention of Comarchini delighted the pliant Bernini in such a manner, that he has made his Constantine in the act of riding through a sort of *tent*, where the horse must necessarily be entangled at the first step.

Of the five doors leading to the church itself, one is generally shut up by brick-work. This is called the holy door; and is opened only at a jubilee, and not then till the pope has knocked at it with a hammer. The middle gate is of bronze, with *bas-reliefs*; which do not add to the true dignity of a temple, but shew the vanity of the popes. Among other subjects represented in these, we find the ceremony of an audience which was given by some pope to the ambassadors of several nations. The absurdity is made complete by the heathenish decorations of these pieces of workmanship.

I expected to find the church more narrow at first sight than from its outside it appears to be; yet I doubt whether the great art of keeping up due proportions be, as it is said, the cause of this; I rather ascribe the effect to the childish theatrical decoration at the high altar, where the Holy Ghost waves in a transparent glory; and especially to the accumulation of ornaments of every kind. If nothing were to be seen within the church but the white marble sparingly decorated with bronze, the eye would ease itself by an involuntary tear of admiration: but these angels with holy-water pots; these marble flourishes of every colour; these tombs every where interspersed like swallows' nests; this gaudy gilt ceiling; these escutcheons of the popes without number, the marks of their vanity;—are together sufficient to destroy all the grandeur: and this famous church now appears like a handsome woman of the seventeenth century, who has taken all possible care to counteract her charms by a hoop-petticoat and a preposterous

head-dress. Such, at least, was the impression which it made upon me.

I shall speak, however, of its different parts.—The tomb of a pope, by Canova, ought to be particularly noticed. Religion is certainly represented here as a very formal lady, though indeed that may be its genuine yet displeasing character: but the Genius on the opposite side makes amends; it is of unspeakable mildness, and the two majestic lions refute the envious calumny which accuses Canova's chisel of wanting energy.—A statue of St. Peter, seated, is said to have been re-cast from a bronze Jupiter Capitolinus. The pious catholics take every possible pains to kiss away its feet. A hundred and twelve lamps are burning continually round the tomb of this saint; and this is the most important remark I can make on it.—The high altar close to it, on which nobody reads mass but the pope, is overshadowed by a ceiling which exceeds that of any palace of Rome in loftiness. This, however, might pass; but the act of disfiguring the Pantheon by taking away nearly two thousand pounds weight of bronze, for the sake of this pitiful work of Bernini, is a disgrace to the memory of Urban the Eighth.—The great and truly awful dome is only two feet less in diameter than that of the Pantheon, being 137: but it exceeds the latter in height by twenty feet; being 159 besides the lantern, the basis pedestal of the top, the globular top itself, and the cross above it, which measure together about 120. Notwithstanding all this, no pleasing nor grand impression is made like that we irresistibly feel in the Pantheon; yet, to compensate for this deficiency, a remnant of the holy cross, and another of the spear that pierced the side of Christ, with many more relics, are preserved here, and locked up within pillars. An immense cross is suspended under the dome every Good Friday, and lighted up by above three hundred lamps.—In the back-ground of the church we ascend on steps of porphyry to the altar, over which the pretended pulpit of St. Peter presents itself. This we may easily suppose to have been in reality nothing but a sorry wooden chair; we see, however, a large bronze arm-chair, surrounded by indifferent colossal pillars of the same metal.—Quite close to it, on a papal tomb, is the famous statue of Justitia, done by James de la Porte.

Of the hundred and thirty statues placed in this church, there is none which I should be inclined to take particular notice of. Its greatest ornaments are the excellent mosaics; all copied from the most renowned pictures, which thus are guarded against oblivion. Most of the originals are now at Paris. It seems as if the Romans had felt a presentiment of their loss, and taken every means to prepare for it.—A bas-relief by Algarde, representing pope Leo the Great in the act of forbidding Attila, king

of the Huns, to approach Rome, is particularly remarkable.—Among the sepulchral monuments I saw one by Bernini, which, like many other works, betrays the utterly unpoetical mind of the artist. A colossal skeleton is raising a marble curtain, having caught it with a hand like an eagle's claw.—Another is erected in honour of the Swedish queen Christina. On a bas-relief we see this strange woman renouncing Lutheranism. The nose and the hands are mutilated; which may perhaps be the effect of the just indignation of her countrymen who have travelled hither.—One should do the same to the scene which is represented on the sarcophagus of the famous countess Matilda. We cannot help recollecting how the emperor Henry IV. has been abused in her presence. The sovereign pontiffs should tear out the leaves from their history on which such transactions are recorded; but they endeavour to eternize them by marble.—There is but one monument in the church that represents a sensible action of a pope; it is the correction of the calendar by Gregory XIII.: the rest are devoted to remind us only of wonders or revolting cruelties.—I could certainly fill a much greater space by descriptions of the contents of this church: but at every new visit to it I felt as if I saw only a collection of goods and articles of inferior workmanship, brought together without regularity for some future sale; and I heartily wished they were disposed of, that I might be permitted to admire the building itself.

Underneath is the spot where the martyrs were interred formerly, and which has been carefully preserved with the new splendid temple. It contains so little deserving of notice, and exhaled so foul an air, that I thought better not to descend into it. Several emperors, kings, and popes, lie buried here: and many inscriptions, paintings, and mosaics, of the primitive church; some of which may be sufficiently interesting.—The splendid sacristy was built under Pius VI.: and as it is of so recent a date, the critics have a great deal to say against it; for with them nothing can be good but what is ancient.—We ascend the roof of the church by easy steps, and the delicate ladies may even be carried up by asses. We here seem to have entered a small town; for we suddenly find ourselves among a number of houses, which either serve as repositories of implements and materials for repairing the church, or are inhabited by the workmen. The dome, at the foot of which we now arrive, seems to be the parish-church of this town; and the inferior domes appear as if intended only for ornaments, to fill up the vacuities. Add to this, that we cannot see the streets of Rome, on account of the high gallery surrounding and its colossal statues, and a stranger may easily conceive how singular such a scene must be. I was assured, be-

sides, that sometimes there is a market here of provisions for these aerial inhabitants.

Though we are now on the roof, we have still a great height to ascend before we reach the summit of the dome. Previously to entering on this adventurous enterprise, we are conducted to the inside gallery of the dome. From this spot the people within the body of the church appear like children. The higher we go, the more uncomfortable we find it, on account of the oblique walls over the narrow staircase; and are often compelled to lean with our whole bodies quite to one side. Several marble plates are affixed in these walls, informing us that some persons of distinction have had the courage to mount this dome, or even to climb up to the lantern and the top. The emperor Joseph II. is mentioned twice; and Paul I. as grand-duke. At some places, where the stairs are too steep, more commodious steps of wood have been prepared for the king of Naples: by these we can walk to the lantern with greater ease. The view which awaits us there, may be imagined without the help of description. It is an immense panorama bounded by the sea. The storm that always blows in these high regions, spoils this grand scene. I advise every one to guard against taking cold, though the air may be ever so warm and mild below. I have found the necessity of this caution, from my own experience.

I must say a few words respecting the noble Place of St. Peter, which in my opinion exceeds in beauty the church and all its appendages. It is elliptic. The church appears in the background; and on both sides we see a row of quadruple arches, resting on two hundred and eighty-four pillars and eighty-eight pilasters: the arches support a hundred and ninety-two statues, each twelve feet high, representing (to my sorrow) nothing but saints. For the sake of this place, I can pardon Bernini many incongruities. Two noble fountains throwing a mass of water to a height of nine feet, from which it falls in a very picturesque manner, add to the beauty of the whole in a very great degree.—Those who consider the obelisk in the middle as an ornament, do wrong in my opinion. It is nothing to me that it was transported by the emperor Caligula from Heliopolis in Egypt to Rome; that its removal to this place by Fontana, at the command of Sextus the Fifth, is an astonishing exertion of mechanism; that its erection cost nearly seventy thousand dollars: I insist that its massy greatness hurts the effect of the noble front of the church. Any one who will try by forgetting for a moment the obelisk, will instantly find the whole improved, and much grander than before. We are disgusted too at the pitiful inscriptions by which this monument of remote antiquity is profaned, informing us that a papal blessing has cleansed it from all

its impurity. But I have done with these insipidities, which disgrace all the pillars and obelisks here.

Much highly interesting matter is to be found in the description given by M. Kotzebue of the library and museum of the Vatican, the churches, and obelisks at Rome, the villas of Medicis and Lodovici, the palaces of Barberini and the Cæsars, and particularly the various ancient edifices and ruins. The account of the

PALACE OF LUCIEN BUONAPARTE,

a man who once lived for years in a garret, must impress the reader with very sublime ideas of the secret motives of Providence. Lucien, however, is allowed to be the best member of the usurper's family; and though he have participated in the spoils of a conquered nation, he committed no crimes to obtain them. Speaking of this palace, M. Kotzebue says, at last we meet with an elegantly-furnished house, and a comfortable habitation. Even though we should happen not to know in whose palace we are, we should instantly guess, that at least no Italian is its owner. Lucien, it is true, has not yet bought it; he is only in treaty about it; but he has already made alterations and improvements according to his own ideas, and at every step the visitor discovers the man of taste, the connoisseur, and the lover of the fine arts. A majestic statue of Minerva, which he bought of prince Justiniani, and which rivals the celebrated palace of Velletri, the highly extolled basso-relievo of Jupiter or Bacchus suckled by Amalthea, and a beautiful antique altar, are the chief ornaments of the grand saloon.

Lucien has not yet purchased any other works of sculpture; but the little he has obtained may be called a great acquisition. Nor is his collection of pictures very numerous; but there is not a single bad one among them; and here at least we may enjoy the pleasure of admiring nothing but masterpieces, without being first tired with a crowd of indifferent pieces or wretched daubings. The Massacre of the Children at Bethlehem by Poussin is the best representation I have seen of this horrid scene. The child has already received a wound, lies bleeding and screaming on the ground. The executioner is aiming a second blow; the mother catches it with one hand, whilst she fixes the nails of the other into the murderer's back. Her countenance—ah!—the pencil of a great master only could paint it! No words can do it. It is not pale, yet it has no colour; Despair has breathed upon it; it is the colouring of the infernal regions, the hue of the tortures of hell, which we do not see, which passes through the eye, and runs like a cold tremor down our backs—I will not speak longer of it; it makes my heart ache. Had I been doomed to paint that picture, it would have killed me. Poussin certainly had no

children, or did not love children; for how else could it have been possible for him to kill the poor little innocents with so much cruelty? The executioner dispatched them with one blow of his sword, but the painter was obliged to have them bleeding for weeks and months at his feet. I had no cicerone with me to name the different masters, yet think I have guessed many of them: one of the Madonnas is, beyond doubt, by Raphael; and one of the most lovely of his works. If the masterly group of several heads illuminated by the light of a lantern, be (as I conjecture) by Honthorst, it is certainly his most successful production. A Venus in the bed-room does honour to the pencil of Sizian. But why tire my readers with this dry catalogue? especially as this art of guessing is even by Dubos pronounced to be very fallacious, and the most experienced judges are frequently mistaken. In short, I found at most but two or three middling pieces, and this was the only gallery at Rome which I left with perfect satisfaction. I will not deny, that the tasteful furniture of the rooms might contribute to heighten the beauty of the paintings; and that it puts a stranger in good-humour when he finds that he is not obliged to wander about on a dirty brick pavement, among old-fashioned leather chairs. Lucien intends to increase the number of his pictures to three hundred, but every one of them is to be a master-piece; if he realises this idea, his collection will be the only one of the kind in Rome, and perhaps in Europe. With respect to the palace, he has likewise vast plans in contemplation, and is said to have an idea of purchasing a whole street to enlarge it. I am unable how to reconcile this love of magnificence with his partiality for domestic life and comforts, which is so conspicuous in his palaces at Paris as well as at Rome. His study is close to the room for his children; and this latter furnished and arranged for them with an affectionate care, that at first sight every thing betrayed the tender father. The *custode* assured me, that Lucien would not survive the death of any of his beloved children. He has bought a villa near Rome, and also a palace at Milan; hence it seems as if he intended to settle in Italy for life.

The present state of the descendants of the Romans is admirably described in the following series of

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS. •

When a foreigner returns to Rome after visiting Naples, he will be more than ever struck with the stillness and solitude in the streets. He has no need to force his way through the crowd with both arms as in the Toledo-street of Naples; he may walk without being much incommoded, even on the Torso. Rome seems as if it had been depopulated by a plague: but it is only the effect of the pestilential dominion of priests. The city con-

tains 120 convents for monks, and 51 nunneries. At first, however, this quiet is not displeasing, after having been stunned with the incessant noise of Naples; and he now observes with greater satisfaction the cleanliness that prevails here. Many of my readers may perhaps laugh at me when I speak of cleanliness at Rome: but it is indeed clean when compared with Naples; and without having been in the latter city, it is impossible to conceive how far the love of filth may be carried. It must be owned, that on many walls in Rome, we find the word *immondezzaio* inscribed; signifying a place where every one may throw all manner of dirt—a privilege which is but too frequently made use of: but these are only particular places; and, however near they may be to each other, the intervals are clean. At Naples, on the contrary, *immondezzaio* should be written over the gates: for the whole city is a temple of Cloacina.

In winter the women of the lower classes carry about with them a small earthen pot with handles. This pot contains live coals, over which they warm their hands; and so much are they attached to it, that even when looking out at the window, they hold it before them. They have given it a very whimsical name, *marito* (husband): but whether this be meant as a satire or a compliment to their husbands, I could not learn.

The art of conversing by means of gestures and signs, is well known in every part of Italy; but it is at Rome where it is most practised, and brought to the greatest degree of perfection. Very amusing observations may be made relative to this language in almost every church and every company. A lover will there seldom approach his mistress, but addresses his discourse to her at a distance; and they may, perhaps, be saying the tenderest things to each other, without it being possible for the uninitiated to understand a single syllable, without his even suspecting they are conversing together.—To lay the hand open on the chin, and then cross the lips with two fingers, signifies “You are beautiful, I should be happy to speak with you.” If the lady only repeats the latter part of the sign, it is understood that she consents; but if she adds a motion of the hand, as if fanning herself, it means “Begone! I do not wish to speak to you.” Raising almost imperceptibly the point of the fan over the mouth, and then gently lowering it, means, “Yes: I have no objection.” Ladies of quality have a still more refined method of giving this answer. They slowly bend forward the upper part of the body, and then resume their former attitude. In general, whilst making the sign, they avoid looking at the man of their choice: they only give a quick glance of the eye at him immediately after it is done, and that is quite sufficient. In Germany, to beckon with the hand signifies “Come hither;” but in Italy it means only, “I salute

you." A stranger, unacquainted with the meaning of that sign, very naturally goes towards the person making it, imagining he has something to communicate. This mode of saluting particularly well becomes a beautiful young lady. To beckon with the hand backwards, signifies with us, "Go away;" but in Italy, "I shall come directly."—Sometimes we see the Italians use both modes of beckoning immediately following each other; which means, "I salute you now, and shall soon be with you."—To beckon with the inverted hand over the shoulder, means, "Go: I do not believe you."—To pull the corner of the eye down towards the nose with the fore-finger, means, "That is a man of mettle, who will not be played with."—Sometimes they act at the theatres an interlude or farce, where all these signs are introduced; and which therefore must prove very interesting, especially to strangers. I can give no further information about this subject; and leave it, as a more suitable task, for young travellers to study this excellent language. I thought, however, I could observe that the much more excellent language of the eyes is thus lost, or at least not sufficiently cultivated. The Roman ladies depend entirely on their signs; the German belles on the language of the eyes; in which they have become such proficient, that they do not at all feel the want of the Italian mode of conversing.

The Romans esteem it a vice to steal, but murder is thought no crime. They are ashamed of being seen in company with a thief, but a murderer is only called a "poveretto" (poor fellow), and they willingly assist him to make his escape. The wearing of offensive weapons is prohibited here, but not so strictly as at Naples: and fatal stabs with knives are still very frequently the consequence of quarrels; but there has not been an instance for several years back of a stranger having been assassinated. The Transteverini (Romans living on the other side of the Tiber) distinguish themselves still by their audacity and fierceness. A number of them lately went to a wine-house, before the gates of Rome, where they drank freely. On their return to town they divided into two parties. The one had reached town before the other, and had entered a coffee-house to refresh themselves; the other followed them, entered the coffee-house, but left it sooner, without bidding good night to the first party. These latter found themselves offended. From words they proceeded to blows, from blows to throwing stones, from stones to knives, nay, some fetched muskets from their houses in the neighbourhood. Several were killed on the spot, many were carried home badly wounded. The sbirri (officers of the police at Rome) did not dare to interfere; and it was not till the affray was over, that they endeavoured to take some of the ringleaders singly. One of the latter, at whose door they knocked during night, asked from the window,

“Who is there?”—“The officers of justice,” was the reply. “Stop a moment,” said he, “I shall come down immediately.” He accordingly came, armed with a pair of pistols, opened the door, killed one of the *sbirri* on the spot, and mortally wounded the other; on which, having himself received a stab, he sunk, expiring to the ground. It is of no avail that petty insignificant crimes are immediately punished with the *cord*, which is, indeed, an inhuman torture. The arms of the culprit are twisted out of joint at the shoulders, in such a manner that he is very frequently rendered a cripple for life. The kind of sport so very common at Naples, in which two persons endeavour to push their fingers into each other’s faces, I never observed in the streets of this city; where it is strictly prohibited, on account of the many disputes which it occasioned, particularly in the night-time. The Romans are said to be proficient in the game. If they only see a stranger stretch out his fingers half a dozen times, they are sure to be at him; for they instantly observe not only which of them he generally uses, but their eyes are by practice accustomed to perceive, from the slightest movement in the muscles of the hand, which fingers he intends to stretch out, on which they instantly regulate their own accordingly.

At the merry season of Christmas, the bagpipers of the kingdom of Naples ramble as far as Rome; where, as in their own country, they disturb the morning slumbers of every stranger with their music. On Christmas-eve the streets exhibit a cheerful spectacle. Not only the shops with toys for children (which are far inferior to the toys of Berlin), but all those where eatables of any kind are sold, are decorated in the most singular and whimsical manner. As the poorest Italian must have a turkey at this festival, you see those birds hanging up plucked, by hundreds, and almost all of them have oranges in their bills. Beef and veal are covered with gold and silver tinsel, and even adorned with ribbons. Hundreds of sausages are suspended like garlands; and in their vacancies are placed for a contrast, in paper cases, the white *ricotta*. Oranges are even fixed at the top of every pineapple, and the latter are arranged in the form of little pyramids. Instead of the fir-trees which decorate the market-places of the north, the Romans use small laurel-trees, to which they affix oranges and lemons. The whole produces a very pleasing effect. In the night of Christmas-eve the streets are very noisy. The peasants from the adjacent country assemble early in the evening in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, whose beautiful white columns are covered and disfigured with red damask. Thousands of lights illumine this magnificent temple. But as the great mass is not read before midnight, the peasants, many of whom come from a considerable distance, naturally grow tired and sleepy, lie

down, and throw themselves upon one another in the corners and colonnades, or recline against the monuments; where they enjoy profound slumbers, and amid the enchanting illumination form groups exquisitely picturesque. I know artists who, accordingly, never fail to pass this night in the church, and always leave it in the morning enriched with new ideas. There is yet another attraction which allures artists as well as those who are not artists: the most beautiful females of the highest as well as of the lowest classes repair thither about midnight, that amid the illusive lights they may exhibit their charms to greater advantage. Here you may study forms, and plan intrigues that lead to the production of new forms. When the bell at length rings, the peasants start up half-asleep; the females assume a pious air; Christ is born, and placed on the high altar in a magnificent silver cradle, which is in fact a master-piece of art. On this occasion an indecency is committed of which heathens would scarcely have been guilty; it is this: two common fellows climb up on the altar, and trample about upon it for a long time with their clumsy feet before they can place the cradle in a proper situation. Besides this silver cradle, the church is said likewise to possess the real cradle of our Saviour, which I had not the honour to see. An immense multitude of candles are lighted up around it; and on each side are stationed four men of the pope's Swiss guards, as a proof that, at least, the dress of the harlequin is still retained.

From the first day of this festival a great number of *præsepia*, or mangers, are exhibited at Rome. These are representations of the nativity of Christ by means of puppets. Most of them are in churches; I went to see them all, and they are mere children's play. At one of them I was diverted with a boy who was relating to the people the extraordinary history of Mary's delivery with vehement pathos and great gesticulations, but so rapidly that you could scarcely understand a word he said. One of these mangers distinguishes itself every year among the rest, and displays some ability in the artist. It is called *della Regola*, I believe from the street in which it is exhibited. Some devout genius, assisted by the contributions of the pious, executes it annually in such a style, that the best scene-painter would scarcely equal him. It is placed on the flat roof of his house. The whole is composed of a few boards, some cork, and puppets. In the fore-ground is the celebrated stable itself, with every thing appropriate; but being too near produces the least effect. But, on the other hand, if you look over, and on one side of the stable, you discover a landscape most beautiful and animated, distant mountains, with towns and villages on their sides, cottages, pastures, corn-fields, streams, &c. The illusion is so complete,

that, notwithstanding my excellent sight, I could not for a long time be persuaded that they were the work of art. I could have sworn that what I saw over the roof was the open country; and that the man had only availed himself with dexterity of the distant mountains, so as to make them serve for a suitable back-ground to his pretty performance. But the artist, flattered by this declaration, took me himself to the roof, where I beheld with astonishment at how small an expence this enchantment was produced. The stream which I had just before seen *wet* and *running*, was nothing more than a painted board laid in an oblique direction. The same were the mountains, which had appeared to be many miles distant, and which now reclined not more than two paces from me against a chimney. The trouble of executing this little performance is a mere act of piety. You pay nothing to see it: even the sentinel who made way for us through the crowds that were flocking to see it, and to whom we offered a trifle, refused the voluntary present, but with great politeness reminded us to take off our hats.

The *Monte Testaccio*, or mount of potsherds, is said to have been produced by all the potsherds, which, since the time of Tarquin, the potters residing in that neighbourhood have been obliged to carry to this spot, that the river might not be choaked up by them. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to conceive how a hill of such magnitude can have arisen from such potsherds. This is, however, the fact, be its origin what it may. It has now become a natural curiosity, on account of the extraordinary coolness it affords in summer, by means, as it is said, of the air, which acquires such a temperature in the interstices between the potsherds. The finest wine-cellars are constructed in it; and in consequence, great numbers of people resort to the place, especially in October, to drink the cool beverage. A multitude of tables are set out under the trees, and the bottle is pushed merrily round. On the shore of the Tiber they dance the *saltarella*. Those who love quietness retire to their homes at the approach of night, when disorders and even assassinations are not rare. The burying-ground of the Protestants is separated from the *Monte Testaccio* only by a meadow bordered with trees.

The eve of the Epiphany is celebrated by the Roman people with as much festivity as Christmas eve in Upper Saxony. All the fruit and pastry-cooks' shops are splendidly decorated: and are provided with a kind of hobgoblin; which is in some a figure with an ugly mask and fiery eyes, and in others a person disguised in the same manner, who plays all kinds of tricks. To this extraordinary but universal custom, the origin of which I should like to know, belong stockings filled with oranges and other fruits. These stuffed stockings are seen suspended every where,

and sometimes letters are fastened to them with pins. Lovers present to the objects of their attachment, stockings of this kind, which do not even appear to be new. In large shops they go to a still greater expence. You there see puppets, of the size of children twelve years old, which are seated or standing, and apparently conversing: each has a stocking stuffed with fruits hanging at its side. The confectioners vie with those of Berlin in the exhibition of their art, and often surpass them, especially in the choice of the subject. The former generally content themselves with low scenes: but here I observed the conflagration of Troy, the death of Mark Anthony, the discovery of America; in a word, nothing but dignified subjects, which usually occupy a space ten or twelve paces in length, and two in breadth, the theatre of which is not rarely painted, decorated, and illuminated with the utmost elegance: the small figures being ingeniously grouped, and in general executed with great correctness, at least as far as regards the effect. It may easily be conceived what a crowd of joyous spectators surround these shops. Nevertheless, people of rank, regardless of the convenience of the people, drive their carriages in long rows through the streets, crammed as full of people as the stockings of oranges, and even stop before the shops, so as to produce a pressure that is really dangerous. I must acknowledge that I have myself been guilty of the same impropriety; but were I governor of Rome, I would certainly not suffer it. A native of the north, who is accustomed to perpetual winds, is struck on this and various other occasions with the many thousand lamps, burning without any cover in the streets, and which are yet never extinguished by the wind.

By a singular privilege the police of the Spanish Place, in which I resided, is under the jurisdiction of the Spanish ambassador, whose palace is situated in it. The person who has him for his friend may commit murder, or any other atrocity he pleases, in this place. No sbirri dares to lay hands on the culprit, who stands unconcerned, and turns the ministers of justice into ridicule. Even in cases when the Spanish ambassador does not extend his protection to the offender, he at least gains sufficient time, by this admirable regulation, to provide at his ease a secure retreat. The inferior court must first present its report of the circumstance to the superior; the latter must transmit information of it to the governor, and the governor must acquaint the minister of state; the minister of state must dispatch a written note on the subject to the Spanish ambassador, to which the Spanish ambassador must return a written answer. It is easy to conceive that, during this interval, the assassin has abundant time to escape. A year or two ago an unfortunate man who was stabbed in this place, expired at the corner of the street, where his

body lay from morning till night before the usual formalities allowed it to be removed. The ladies of pleasure are not permitted to follow their profession in any other place in Rome: they too are under Spanish protection; for this reason they all reside in the houses round about it, and the place swarms with them as soon as evening arrives. It is highly ludicrous, or, if you please, highly indecent, to see the grave deportment of the Spaniard, and at the same time to consider him as the supreme protector of the ladies of easy virtue. The Imperial ambassador likewise possessed similar privilèges in the place surrounding his Venetian palace, but his wiser government long ago relinquished them. Is it not the height of folly to permit foreign powers to exercise a peculiar jurisdiction in a city like Rome; and by the inviolable respect paid to that jurisdiction, to encourage the commission of crimes?—Pius VI. suppressed many sanctuaries, as they were called, in and near churches; and since that period the number of assassinations has considerably decreased. On great festivals, patrols parade the streets of the city on horseback, from morning till night. This, however, did not prevent two persons from being stabbed on new-year's-day, at the fountain of Trevi. “The better the wine is,” say the Romans themselves, “the more frequent are assassinations.”

With all these atrocities a high degree of Roman-catholic piety is, as usual, combined. Before the assassin sneaks to execute his bloody purpose, he hears mass, goes to confession, and is then perfectly prepared. If you only pay the Roman clergy for masses, you may do whatever you please. The only capital crime in this state is, to neglect the mass. Accordingly, the book of post-roads begins with the following exhortation: “Let him who is about to set out on a journey, above all things, go devoutly to confession and the sacrament; then let him procure a mass to be said for the souls of the deceased, or one *pro itinerantibus*. On the morning of his departure he must hear another mass; and when he enters his carriage, or mounts his horse, or begins his journey on foot, let him repeat a psalm, or tell his beads, or whatever else God may inspire him to do. When he has actually left his home, let him say with a contrite heart a *confiteor*, and then the annexed prayer.” Here follows a long Latin prayer, in which the angel Raphael is implored to accompany the traveller. To this succeeds the song of praise, of Zechariah, likewise in Latin; and the conclusion is an eternally long *oremus*, in which God is reminded that he conducted the children of Israel through the Red Sea, the three kings from the east to the manger at Bethlehem, and Abraham out of Chaldea; and that, therefore, on the present occasion, he must be to the traveller a parasol in heat, an umbrella in wet weather, a mantle in cold, a conductor in

weariness, a staff in slippery paths, and a harbour in shipwreck. Excepting these edifying things, the Roman book of roads is the most wretched of the kind in all Europe, for scarcely a single station is correct; and, in particular, the accounts of foreign countries betray the most diverting ignorance.

Naples is in general considered as a cheaper place than Rome. I found it the reverse, though in the latter I resided at the best hotel. Apartments, equally good with those at Naples, are cheaper by a full third. The same is the case with regard to the keeping of a carriage. The expences of the table are nearly alike in both places. The lacqueys are rogues in one city as well as in the other. Articles of dress are dearer at Rome, and display less taste than at Naples. Good drinkable table-wine is more easily procured in the former; excellent Florentine wine, which is not to be had in the latter, costs only one shilling a bottle. The vegetables are very fine. I never met with better brocoli, cabbage, Swedish turnips, and particularly onions. The latter are here boiled whole with beef: they are deliciously sweet, and produce none of the disagreeable effects, either on the palate or the stomach, which proceed from those of other countries. The bread might be better. The *maccaroni* are brought from Naples, and it is said that they can no where be made so well: but in that city they are not all alike in quality, and I often found them sandy. Sea-fish are as plentiful here as there, and of the same species; but not so fresh, as it is necessary to convey them from the nearest ports. Poultry is the favourite food of the Italians; but geese are very seldom eaten. Most of the soups are seasoned with grated cheese. The celebrated Roman flower-cheese, *casco di fiore*, is, however, notwithstanding its fine name, very insipid stuff. It resembles fresh goats'-milk cheese, but is said to improve with age. The best cheese in Italy, and perhaps in Europe, is undoubtedly that which is denominated *strachino di Milano*. Coffee and sugar are exorbitantly dear. A pound of good coffee costs nearly three shillings. For coffee for three persons, with a few slices of bread and butter, I was obliged to pay at the rate of five shillings per day.

We shall now conclude our analysis of this interesting work, by recommending it to the attention of all who intend, in more tranquil times, to visit the classical soil of Italy. It contains by far the best account of that country which has ever been published; and, notwithstanding the extent to which we have carried our abridgment, there will be found, in the edition of four volumes, many other curious particulars, which will serve as a guide to the traveller.

INDEX.

- AERONAUTS**, dangers attending their excursions, 21.—**Alexander**, of Russia, attachment of his subjects to him, 3.—His humane feeling, *ib.*—**Algerines**, strictures on their perpetual warfare with Naples, 76.—**Altenburg**, costume of the peasants in the duchy of, 8.—**Anthony St.** the rival of **St. Januarius**, as patron of Naples, 44.—**Arrests**, their frequency at Naples, 77.—**Ascoli**, duke of, his salutary measures for suppressing assassination, 63.—**Assassination**, its restriction in Naples by the duke of Ascoli, *ib.*—**Assassination**, atrocities attending it at Rome, 93.
- Bag-pipers**, account of them and their performance, 72, 89.—**Baia**, reflections on the ruins of that celebrated place, 45.—**Ball**, Neapolitan, account of a, 63.—**Balloons**, result of some experiments relative to their filling, 18.—**Beggars**, disgraceful tolerance of, at Naples, 33.—**Begging**, specimen of the most disgusting and disgraceful, 79.—**Buonaparte**, **Lucien**, remarks on his palace at Rome, and its contents, 85.—His attachment to his children, 86.
- Calves**, singular and cheap method of keeping, 33.—**Catacombs**, the, historical remarks on. description of the interior, &c. 59.—**Christ**, the nativity of, represented by means of puppets, 90.—**Christmas**, its celebration at Rome described, 89.—**Cicero's villa**, reflections on wandering in, 28.—**Climate** at Naples, account of the delightful, 77.—**Coliseum**, description of that once magnificent structure, 25.—**Respect** paid to it by the rude Goths, and its dilapidations by the popes, 26.—**Colotos**, the manuscript of, in refutation of **Plato**, 54.—**Conversations**, description of a, 61.—**Conversation** by signal, and gestures well known in all Italy, 87.—**Cord**, the, its application as a punishment described, 89.—**Courts**, judicial, their establishment for the peasants in Eastland and Livonia, 4.—**Credit**, not easily given to Neapolitans, 69.
- Decorations**, childish, remarks on some in **St. Peter's church**, 81.—**Devil**, remarkable confession of the, 24.—**Devotion**, perversion of true, 66.—**Dialect**, the Tuscan, the knowledge of, an accomplishment to Neapolitans, 63.—**Dominic**, **St.** singular miracle performed by, 24.
- Eastland**, abolition of vassalage in the province of, 4.—**Eliot**, Mr. admired for his deportment at Naples, 64.—**Epictetus**, discovery of a complete manuscript of his writings, 54.—**Epiphany**, its celebration by the Romans, 91.
- Fashionables**, Neapolitan, their degrading mode of living, 61.—**Females**, battle between two, at Naples, 71.—**French**, specimen of their conduct in the Tyrol, 17.—**Funerals**, their singularity described, 38.
- Gaeta**, remarkable on account of **Cicero's villa**, 28.—**Galley-slaves**, the natives, treated worse than the Algerines, 76.—**Gaming**, its disgraceful prevalence at Naples, 61.—**Generosity**, of a merchant at Riga, 7.—**Genius men** of, the exertions of some at Naples, 57.
- Hackney-coaches**, description of Italian, 72.—**Hayter**, Mr. his indefatigability in restoring the manuscripts as found at **Herculaneum**, 53.—**Herculaneum**, remarks on the subterraneous labyrinths there, 51.—**Monig**, Peter, ingenuity of this peasant, 14.—**Host**, ceremony attending its conveyance to dying persons, 39.—**Hunger**, disgusting, but energetic, specimen of its power, 77.
- Imposition**, greatly practised on strangers at Naples, 70.—**Inspruck**, singular appearance of the town of, 16.—**Isis**, the temple of, sketch of the ruins, 50.—**Italians**, sketch of their general character 69.
- Jacobins**, persecution of them at Naples, 79.—**Januarius**, **St.** his presence unavailing to check an eruption of **Mount Vesuvius**, 44.—**Diminution** of his credit with the people, *ib.*
- Lava**, its progress described, 42.—**Lazzaroni**, excesses committed by the, 79.—**Lectures**, philosophical, interesting sketch of, 73.—**Lectures**, public, description of some given at Naples, 34.—**Leopold**, characteristics of the Neapolitan prince, 75.—**Letter-writers**, public, singular description of, 55.—**Lightning**, its frequency at Naples, its injurious effects, &c. 78.—**Literature**, disgraceful state of, at Naples, 66.—**Livonia**, rejection of freedom from bondage, by many peasants, 4.—**Lottery**, ceremonies attending its drawing in Italy, 67.—**Luxuries**, of the populace at Naples, account of some, 32.
- Maccaronies**, manner of dressing and eating them, 30.—**Manuscripts**, manner of unrolling them, 52.—**Account** of some lately discovered in the ruins of **Herculaneum**, 53.—**Mass**, consi-

- dered by the Romans as the most essential part of religion, 93.—Massacre of the children of Bethlehem, description of Poussin's painting of the, 85.—Mendicity, general system of, in Italy, 33.—Monte Tes'accio, remarks on the, 91.—Morals, Italian, general remarks on, 64.—Mules, convenience derived in travelling with them, their superiority to horses in mountainous countries, 7.—Magnificence, imperial, striking instance of, 14.—Museum at Portici, remarkable for the antiquities of Herculaneum deposited there, 52.
- Naples, custom of the inhabitants to perform their labours in the streets, 29.—Naples, its pure climate attributed to the occasional eruptions of Vesuvius, 45.—Naples, mode of living there, price of provisions, &c.—70.—Neapolitans, instance of their superstition, 44.—Neapolitans, strictures on their superstition, 65.—Their general character, 68.
- Obelisk at Rome, account of the, 84.—Oertter, the highest mountain in the Tyrol, 13.
- Palace of Lucien Buonaparte, description of the, 85.—Penitents, farcical specimen of their charity, 64.—Peruque-makers, German, their consolation at Augsburg, 9.—Peter's, St. brief description of the church, and its interior, 80.—Ascent to the roof, 83.—Philosophy, its state at Naples, 73.—Piety, ridiculous, observable in the Tyrol, 17.—Pliny, his delineation of the eruption of Vesuvius, and destruction of Pompeii, 49.—Pompeians, the remains of several dug out of the ruins, *ib.*—Pompeii, visit to the ruins of the city, 46.—Particulars relative to some of the buildings, 47.—Pompey, the statue of, particulars relative to, 94.—Post-Office at Naples, description of the, 54.—Potters, description of the mount of, 91.—Prince of Wales, his munificence in preserving the manuscripts found at Herculaneum, 53.—Prisons, dismal description of them at Nuremberg, 8.—Purgatory, shameful abuse of the doctrine on, 65.
- Quack, eloquent address of a, 36.—Queen of Naples, interesting justification of the, 74.
- Religion, its importance to the improvement of science, 73.—Riga, generous actions of its inhabitants, 6.—Rocco, father, account of the celebrated street-preacher, 36.—Rooms, manner of perfectly heating them described, 47.—Rufando, prince, his degrading conduct in countenancing gaming in his house, 62.—Romans, their detestation of stealth, and countenance of murder, 88.—Rome, miscellaneous observations on the city and its inhabitants, 86.—Manner of living, price of provisions, &c. 94.
- Shepherds, from Apulia, singular act of devotion at Christmas, 72.—Secretaries, curious kind of, at Naples, 55.—Shell-fish, curious manner of eating them at Naples, 31.—Skawronsky, countess, her entertainments exemplary, 64.—Spanish-place at Rome, remarks on the privileges attached to the, 92.—Starvation, terrific scene of, 58.—Statues in St. Peter's church, account of the, 82.—Storm, description of a most tremendous one, 5.—Street-preachers, peculiarity of them at Naples, 35.—Their influence on the lower orders, 36.—Superstition, rendered subservient to the purpose of speculation, 67.—Switzerland, comparison between it and the Tyrol, 11.
- Theatres, Italian, bad regulations respecting the admission to the, 24.—Theatre at Pompeii, description of the, perfection of its structure, 50.—Theatres at Naples, fugitive remarks on the, 57.—Tournament, beautiful painting of a, 9.—Trade, remarks on the Neapolitan, 69.—Traveller, his duty in writing an account of his travels, 1.—Necessity of his possessing the talent of observation, 2.—Tyrol, the, compared with Switzerland, 11.—Beauties of the country, *ib.*—Travelling in that part of the continent, 12.—Tyrolese, sketch of their character, 13.—Tyrolese, their propensity for hunting, their attachment to the government, 15; their expertness at sharp-shooting, 16; national physiognomy, *ib.*
- Vassalage, its abolition in Eastland and Livonia, decreed by Alexander, but declined by many peasants, 4.—Veipus lake, account of a dreadful storm over it, 5.—Vesuvius, mount, particulars relative to an eruption of, 40.
- Umbrellas, why so numerous at Naples, 72.
- Water-sellers at Naples, description of the, 29.—Wedding, spiritual, description of a, 10.
- Zambeccari, account of his aerial voyage, 18.—Dangers attending it, 21.

